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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

A History of the Right Hon. William Pitt, Earl of Chatham; containing his Speeches in Parliament, a considerable portion of his Correspondence, when Secretary of State, upon Spanish, French, and American Affairs, never before published: with an Account of the Principal Events of his Time, connected with his Life, Sentiments, and Administrations. By the Rev. Francis Thackeray, A.M. 2 vols. 4to. London, 1827. Rivingtons.

The reputation of its great men is among the noblest possessions of the country; and it is honourable to the intelligence and patriotism of the present writer, that he has done at last what the nation should have done long since, and laboured to preserve the literary memorials of the genius and public spirit of the great Earl of Chatham.

The author seems to have been impelled to this service by no other motives than those which might stimulate an Englishman and an admirer of public virtue. He has collected the materials of his work from a variety of valuable sources—has consulted the documents of the state-paper office—has given the most authentic copies of Chatham's parliamentary speeches—has detailed his private life with evident and diligent fidelity—and has, on the whole, done, what we fully consider it to be, the national service of giving, beyond comparison, the amplest and best history of perhaps one of the greatest orators and statesmen of the world.

The internal stability of the English government had been the great object of Walpole's policy. During the long period of his administration, the Brunswick line had obtained the time essential to its being fixed in the public feelings. The dynasty so long opposed by the natural prejudice of the people against strangers, by the violence of jacobitism, and by the rival ambition of parties, had gradually settled into the acknowledged inheritors of the British crown. A new generation had grown up, to which the names of the exiled family were unknown or contemptible, and the allegiance of England was fortunately secured to sovereigns capable of understanding its value and their own obligations. By a curious coincidence, the government of France at the same era was in the hands of a minister proverbial in her history for his passion for peace—Fleury—who died in the ministry in his ninety-first year, and had been for seventeen years at the head of French affairs.

But his death, and Walpole's retirement, left the two countries in the hands of men the direct contrasts to their predecessors. The English minister was the celebrated Lord Carteret, bold, ambitious, and loving to raise and rule the tumult of Europe. Cardinal Tencin, the French minister, more a disciple of Richelieu than of Mazarine, despised the indolent tranquillity of the priest that had gone before him, and determined to distinguish himself and

France by the military honours which she had so long forgotten.

The character of George II., a soldier, and filled with continental impressions both of war and policy, assisted the passions of the rival ministers, and he plunged into battle in 1743. But the victory of Dettingen, and the various evidences of British intrepidity that followed, could not long blind the nation to the fact, that the war was unconnected with the true interests of England; that it was merely a gladiatorial exhibition; and that peace was the true policy of a commercial and insular people. The administration was broken up; a succession of men of great ability struggled for the honours of government and, from the period of Lord Carteret's resignation, down to the ministry of the late Mr. Pitt, the changes of the cabinet were unexampled in their frequency, in their total difference of principle, and, it must be allowed, in the brilliancy and power of the minds roused into vigour by the struggle.

Yet of all this host, Chatham was incontestably the foremost in genius, magnificence of mind, and, as the result, in popular homage. As a public speaker he had no similar in the days of past debate, and no rival in his own. Notwithstanding the noble examples of parliamentary speaking which distinguished the days of Pitt and Fox, the pre-eminence of Chatham is still unshaken. To the incomparable copiousness and classic grace of Pitt's style, Chatham's added the lofty imagination of the poet; to the natural force and burning passion of Fox's style, Chatham's added clearness and judgment; to the qualities of both, he added all that could be contributed by exterior, by vividness of countenance, dignity of appearance, and manly elegance of manner. The combination was irresistible. Whenever he rose, the house was so silent, that, in the phrase of the time, "you might have heard a pin drop;" his speeches were carried away by the members at a period when their publication in the newspapers was prohibited; and every fragment was treasured: all antagonists, and the house never abounded more in powerful minds, shrank from him; and when, after having consumed successive ministers by the brandishing of those lightnings of eloquence, he took the government into his own hands, he seemed to have less taken possession of a vacant place, than to have assumed the highest rank by the right of conquest and of nature.

William Pitt, first Earl of Chatham, was born on the 15th November, 1708, in the parish of St. James, Westminster. Of his infancy and early youth I have not been able to collect any authenticated information. He was sent to Eton at an early age, and placed upon the foundation of that ancient establishment. Dean Bland was at that time the head-master of Eton, and is said to have highly valued the attainments of his pupil. Among the many recommendations which will always attach to a public system of education, the value of early emulation, the force of example, the abandonment of sulky and selfish habits, and the ac-

quirement of generous, manly, dispositions, are not to be overlooked. All these I believe to have had weight in forming the character of Lord Chatham. Eton has ever been productive of great men, and, at the time I speak of, there were many whose names have subsequently become illustrious. George, afterwards Lord Lytleton, Henry Fox, afterwards Lord Holland, Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, Henry Fielding, &c. were Pitt's youthful contemporaries. That painful and dangerous malady, the gout, which adhered to him through life, and which, ultimately, occasioned his death, here first attacked him. It was hereditary. It may be worth while to remark the different operations of the same cause upon different men. With the generality of mankind a predisposition to any acute disease is often a bar to intellectual improvement. The mind is solely occupied in endeavouring to alleviate or remove the pains of the body, and such a lassitude is produced, that reading is merely resorted to as a mode of destroying time, and is then limited to works of entertainment. With Pitt it was far otherwise. The strength of his genius constantly impelling him to exertion, converted the very infirmities of his body into a source of improvement; and the disease which excluded him from the bodily exercises of his companions, served as an instrument to advance his intellectual superiority over them. He was admitted a gentleman commoner of Trinity College, Oxford, on the 10th January, 1726.

The gout attacked him with increased violence at Oxford, and compelled him to quit the university without taking a degree. Soon after he left Oxford he visited the continent of Europe, and travelled through different parts of France and Italy. But, whatever accessions he made to his stores of elegant and useful knowledge, and however he improved his taste by the tour, it had no effect in removing his disorder. It was now time that he should devote himself to a profession. His ardent mind thirsted for employment, and, even had he been of an indolent disposition, his patrimony was inadequate to his support. Lord Chesterfield fixes his fortune at one hundred pounds a year. This, probably, is below the mark. His grandfather was, at different times, governor of two rich settlements, he had been fortunate in the sale of the celebrated diamond, and must have possessed considerable wealth. William Pitt himself was one of only two sons. He had, indeed, five sisters; but calculating the portions which each of the younger children upon a very moderate scale would receive, I should estimate his property at about £4,000. His brother had wealth, and much borough influence, and it is probable that William Pitt soon regarded the House of Commons as a proper sphere for the exercise of his abilities. An opportunity of coming into parliament occurred to him in 1735. His brother having been elected both for Old Sarum and for Okehampton, and making his election for the latter place, William Pitt, together with Robert Needham, Esq. (who had married his sister

Catherine) was returned for Old Sarum. But the necessity of some honourable employment, by which his income might be augmented, still subsisting, he obtained a cornetcy in the regiment of the Blues, which was his first and only commission.

"Mr. Pitt's most intimate associates in parliament at this time, and for several subsequent years, were his schoolfellow, George Lyttleton, member for Oakhampton, and Richard Grenville (afterwards Earl Temple), member for Buckingham. These three gentlemen, indeed, were closely connected by marriage: Sir Thomas, the father of George Lyttleton, had married Christian, one of the daughters of Lord Cobham; Richard Grenville's father had married Hester, the other sister; and Thomas, the brother of William Pitt, was married to Christian, George Lyttleton's sister. It was by the interest of the Pitt family that George Lyttleton was returned for Oakhampton. A very short time after Mr. Pitt had taken his seat in parliament, a motion being made by Mr. Pulteney to refer the navy estimates to a select committee, he was, with Mr. Sandys, appointed a teller of the minority upon that question. He did not speak in 1735. Nothing indeed of any great national importance occurred during this period, or probably his ardour would not have been restrained by the consideration of the short experience he possessed of parliamentary proceedings."

Walpole's ministry never had the art of making itself popular. It is a characteristic of the English people, and a most wise and fortunate characteristic it is, that no talents in an administration can counterpoise the want of honour. Walpole was either without principle, or careless of being thought to possess it. The occasional peculations of his subordinates were of course supposed to be sanctioned by the minister; and the building of Houghton, a residence altogether beyond his ostensible means, and the general extravagance of his expenditure, undoubtedly gave strong countenance to the public suspicion. But whatever the public may pardon to bold atrocity, or even to dextrous intrigue, it has no forgiveness for pecuniary fraud. The touch of money stains the hand of the public man with a baseness that nothing can wash out; and Walpole fell, pressed down by the irresistible contempt of the people. Yet he struggled long, with that tenacity of thankless and miserable power which seems so strange to men in private life; and it was not till 1742 that he resigned. From 1736 Pitt had come into notice; and as his chief connexions were opposed to the minister, he ranged himself along with them. The heir-apparent is the natural idol of an opposition; and Frederick, Prince of Wales, was at once the patron and the pupil of Walpole's antagonists. On his marriage with the Princess of Saxe Gotha in 1736, Pulteney moved an address of congratulation to the throne, which was followed by Pitt, in a maiden speech, that drew universal applause, and was felt to be an omen of the future eminence of the great orator.

The debate on Sir Charles Wager's bill for the impressment of seamen, gave rise to the celebrated retort on Horace Walpole, who, in allusion to the young speaker's style, had sneeringly observed, that the cause of truth was but little assisted by boyish vehemence and theatrical gesture. The polish of this keen and powerful reply has been divided with Johnson; but the vigour has too many counterparts in the eloquence of Pitt not to be all his own.

"The atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honourable gentleman has with such spirit and decency charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny, but content myself with wishing that I may be one of those whose follies may cease with their youth, and not of that number who are ignorant in spite of experience. Whether youth can be imputed to any man as a reproach, I will not assume the province of determining; but surely age may become justly contemptible, if the opportunities which it brings have past away without improvement, and vice appears to prevail when the passions have subsided. The wretch who, after having seen the consequences of a thousand errors, continues still to blunder, and whose age has only added obstinacy to stupidity, is surely the object of either abhorrence or contempt, and deserves not that his gray head should secure him from insults. Much more is he to be abhorred, who, as he has advanced in age, has receded from virtue, and becomes more wicked with less temptation; who prostitutes himself for money which he cannot enjoy, and spends the remains of his life in the ruin of his country. But youth is not my only crime!—I have been accused of acting a theatrical part. A theatrical part may either imply some peculiarities of gesture, or a dissimulation of my real sentiments, and an adoption of the opinions and language of another man. In the first sense, the charge is too trifling to be confuted, and deserves only to be mentioned, that it may be despised: I am at liberty, like every other man, to use my own language; and though I may, perhaps, have some ambition, yet, to please this gentleman, I shall not lay myself under any restraint, nor very sollicitously copy his diction or his mien, however matured by age, or modelled by experience. If any man shall, by charging me with theatrical behaviour, imply that I utter any sentiments but my own, I shall treat him as a calumniator and a villain; nor shall any protection shelter him from the treatment which he deserves. I shall on such an occasion, without scruple, trample upon all those forms with which wealth and dignity entrench themselves, nor shall any thing but age restrain my resentment; age, which always brings one privilege, that of being insolent and supercilious without punishment. But with regard to those whom I have offended, I am of opinion, that if I had acted a borrowed part, I should have avoided their censure; the heat that offended them is the ardour of conviction, and that zeal for the service of my country, which neither hope nor fear shall influence me to suppress. I will not sit unconcerned while my liberty is invaded, nor look in silence upon public robbery. I will exert my endeavours, at whatever hazard, to repel the aggressor, and drag the thief to justice, whoever may protect them in their villany, and whoever may partake of their plunder. And if the honourable gentleman"—Mr. Pitt was here interrupted by Mr. Winington, who called him to order with much bitterness of language, and was himself proceeding in a more violent strain than that which he affected to condemn, when Mr. Pitt is said to have retorted upon him his own accusation in these spirited words: "If this be to preserve order, there is no danger of indecency from the most licentious tongue; for what calumny can be more atrocious, or what reproach more severe, than that of speaking without any regard to truth? Order may sometimes be broken by passion or inad-

vertency, but will hardly be re-established by a monitor like this, who cannot govern his own passion whilst he is restraining the impetuosity of others. Happy would it be for mankind, if every one knew his own province; we should not then see the same man at once a criminal and a judge; nor would this gentleman assume the right of dictating to others what he has not learned himself. That I may return, in some degree, the favour which he intends me, I will advise him never hereafter to exert himself on the subject of order; but whenever he finds himself inclined to speak on such occasions, to remember how he has now succeeded, and condemn in silence what his censures will never reform."

The master stroke of the time was Walpole's retreat. He had been compelled by the popular discontent, and by the accumulated weight of opposition, to give up the ministry. But a fallen minister was, in those days, like a fallen wolf,—all the rest turned to prey upon him. Walpole was conscious that impeachment hung over his head, and he shrunk from the perilous uncertainty of the result. His able expedient was to set the opposition at war among themselves. Before his retirement, overtures were accordingly made to Pulteney to undertake the ministry with some of the existing cabinet. He had the weakness to give way to the temptation. The treaty was, like all things of the kind, almost immediately discovered. Pulteney was stigmatised by his own party. The public clamour found a new object; and, though a motion for a committee of inquiry into Walpole's administration was carried in the Commons, the measure was finally extinguished in the Lords.

At length, in November, 1756, Mr. Pitt was appointed secretary of state on the expulsion of the Newcastle administration. He had now obtained the highest ambition of a subject, and he gave illustrious proof of his powers in the sudden triumph of the fortunes of his country. The French, who had threatened an invasion, were successively attacked on their own shores, in Germany, and in America. Canada was finally conquered, and England was at once relieved from the embarrassments natural to a continental war, and aggrandised by the accession of an immense territory. In the East, the success of the national arms was decisive; the French supremacy, which, under the bold and intriguing Dupleix, had menaced the expulsion of the English from Hindostan, was utterly destroyed; and by the defeat of Lally, and the capture of Pondicherry, England fixed that mighty establishment of policy and power which has since subjugated to the influence of her councils every state from Cape Comarin to the foot of the Himalayas.

In 1761, Lord Chatham, still Mr. Pitt, resigned. He had been outvoted in the cabinet on his proposing a Spanish war. The king, with a due sense of services which were, however, beyond rank or money, settled on him a pension of 3000*l.* a-year for three lives, and the title of Baroness of Chatham on his wife, with remainder to her issue.

On his resignation, the outcry of all those whom his intellectual superiority had mastered, or his unblemished integrity had put to shame, was raised against him. But the popular feeling soon returned to its natural justice; and to the last moment of his life the name of Chatham was a pride, as his administration was a glory to his country. To the final subterfuge of faction—that his designs, though grand, were wasteful—there is one unanswerable reply. On his leaving office in October 1761, after a

war carried on in every part of the globe, the revenue was not merely clear, but there was in the exchequer a balance of 130,000. On the resignation of the Fox and Bute ministry, within two years after, not only the balance was gone, but the outgoings of the civil list exceeded the income by more than 900,000 a year! For the conclusion of this review we must wait till next Saturday.

An Inquiry into the History, Authenticity, and Characteristics of the Shakspeare Portraits, &c. By A. Wivell. 8vo. pp. 254. London, 1827.

WE hope that a little credit is due to us for having scared the gulls away from some of the baits which have been offered to them, under the forms of genuine portraits of Old Will. We saw the boards against which these silly birds would inevitably knock their heads, and warned them.*

In the *Literary Gazette* for 1819 will be found an *exposé* of one of the fabrications of Shakspeare portraits, in a correspondence upon the picture in the possession of Winstanley, of Liverpool; in which allusion is made to another similar forgery, in the possession of Dr. Hardie, of Manchester; and in January 1823, we were enabled to give the public some curious information upon the notorious Bellows Shakspeare, which Talma had been induced to buy at a high price. Others have since appeared in the market; but our hints have nearly spoiled the craft and mystery of the manufacturers and vendors of portraits of Shakspeare.

Mr. Wivell has, in an ill-written book, thrown together much useful information, and in more than one instance contributed to the detection of forgeries in the knavish art of making old portraits; which forgeries had been considered genuine by persons whose judgment upon other subjects was respected, but whose ignorance was sadly betrayed upon this.

We think that Mr. Wivell has so completely established the spuriousness of the Hon. H. T. Liddell's portrait of Shakspeare, that we quote it for the benefit of the *flats*.

"That we have no account Shakspeare ever sat for a portrait is true, in consequence of which many persons have given their opinion that no portrait of him exists, and all pictures which bear the poet's name are spurious. I differ with them in opinion, for I consider Ben Jonson's poetical praise upon Droeshout's engraving of the poet to be alone satisfactory on that point; and though the monumental bust at Stratford has not been perpetuated in the like manner, I am nevertheless impelled to have equal belief of its resemblance to the bard, as it is so like Droeshout's print; consequently I contend, that should any picture be produced with equal similitude to the above portraits, and done within the period of the poet's life-time, they ought to be received as genuine. In support of my argument, we have numerous instances of fine old pictures that would never be known, was it not for the engravings that were formerly taken from them; also portraits of persons of distinction, at the present time, by eminent artists, which will not be known at future ages, if we have no exhibition catalogue, or engravings from them, to express their originality, the former of which I believe was not known in England until within the last cen-

tury: but if pictures come in such questionable shapes as many that I have already noticed, they cannot be admitted as true portraits of the bard, in the opinion of a just critic. Having given to the public sufficient evidence of what may be considered the genuine pictures of the poet, and also some of the principal of the spurious, I was about to close my narrative, when I was informed by two very distinguished dealers in pictures, that the Honourable Thomas Liddell was in possession of an undoubted original of Shakspeare: having been often deceived by similar reports, I could not but doubt the truth of this. I went to Portland Place, where I was shown by the above gentleman the picture, which, at the first sight, certainly had such an imposing effect, that I could not doubt of its being an original portrait of Shakspeare, from the very strong resemblance it bears to the monument; yet from the experience I have had, and knowledge attained, I could not but examine it with strong suspicions. I bore in mind the conceit of the most experienced judges in pictures being deceived, as a caution to myself, and 'though I, perchance, am vicious in my guess, as, I confess, it is my nature's plague to spy into abuses,' I could not but observe that the hair, beard, ruff, and mouth, had been painted upon; in consequence of which I suspected that it might be one of Holder's making, whose pictures of the poet I had never as yet seen. Having suggested to Mr. Liddell the great satisfaction it would be to have that individual before him, to ascertain if he knew the portrait, it was agreed upon to have him. I accordingly sent to him a letter requesting his attendance the next morning, and was rather surprised, as soon as he came into my room, that he should ask me, 'Was the picture he was going to see in the possession of Mr. Liddell?'—for I had not even mentioned that gentleman's name in my letter. On our way to Portland Place, I cautioned him not to deceive the gentleman as to what he had done to it, and I should endeavour to trace something of its history. His only reply was, that 'he had repaired no more than a small place in the cheek, and glazed the hair.' We had no sooner entered the room than he pointed to the spot, and remarked, that he 'believed the portrait to be the most perfect and genuine of Shakspeare, and considered its value at two or three hundred pounds,' which was only half what it was valued at by its owner. This, of course, was apparently satisfactory to all, until I questioned him, if he had not painted upon the mouth, beard, and ruff,—when he acknowledged having done two out of the three; he said the beard he had not painted upon: to which I replied it had been, for it was not by the same hand that painted the mustachios, which was original. The picture is painted upon oak, about the three-quarter size; it has no name or date upon it. Having questioned Holder as to how he formerly came by it, he replied, 'That about ten months ago he had it of Mr. Bryant, of Great Ormond Street.' As soon as we separated I went to Mr. B.: this gentleman, after hearing all I had to say, assured me that he had never sold the picture as Shakspeare, and was much surprised that it should be said he had, well knowing it to be no such thing. On my way home, at the corner of Charles Street and Oxford Street, I met Mr. Holder, who informed me that the shop where the picture was bought by Mr. Liddell, was but a few doors up Charles Street; I went

there with him: we had been but a few minutes in the shop, when in came Mr. B., who could no more have expected to see us than we him. Mr. B., of course, accused Holder of having wrongfully used his name; the arguments which Holder made in his defence only shewed that he was a man whose word could not be taken; in consequence I requested Mr. Bryant would meet me at the Hon. Thomas Liddell's, to satisfy that gentleman of the spuriousness of the picture: he readily complied; we met, and the result was, he found the picture so very different to what it was when he parted with it, that, to make use of Holder's words to a friend* of his, 'he would not know it again.' There were some parts Mr. B. could not speak very positively as to having been altered; but he added to what I had discovered, he remarked, that when the portrait was in his possession, the nose was very different, and that the hair had been taken off the forehead, and what was still there, re-painted, and the ear-ring added. The date, which had been upon the left corner, was obliterated, which would not have answered the purpose to remain, for he perfectly recollects it was of a later date than the poet's life-time. The next day the hon. gentleman waited upon me with the intelligence that one of our most distinguished artists, whose judgment in these matters was not to be disputed, would take an oath that the picture was genuine. The following Monday was appointed for him, with Mr. Smith, Mr. Holder, and myself, to meet in Portland Place, for the purpose of re-examining the portrait; and by the desire of the owner, I addressed a letter to Holder to that effect, and as he was a poor man, he was to be paid for his trouble. I arrived there at the time appointed, but was informed the hon. gentleman was in the country; no message was left for me, nor had either the artist or Holder made their appearance; myself, it seems, was the only one to be disappointed.—'It is the cause, it is the cause.'

* I that please some, try all; both joy and terror,
Of good and bad; that make, and mar the error.
Let us from point to point this story know,
To make the even TRUTH in pleasure flow."

That the owner of this picture has deceived himself as to its being an original portrait of the poet; for it was never sold to him as genuine. 'I told him what I thought; and told no more than what he found himself was apt and true.' It is also very possible that the great artist may find something more genuine to swear to. That Mr. Bryant has acted in this affair the part of a gentleman; and the remuneration offered to Mr. Holder, for his appearance, although a poor man, would not influence him to expose his blushes, which shews that 'there is no vice so simple, but assumes some mark of virtue on his outward parts.' I have some hopes the account given of this portrait will prove satisfactory, and convince many persons who are very opinionated of their own judgments, how superficial they may prove to be, when put in competition with facts, which cannot be disputed. The circumstances connected with this picture, come so near to that of Mr. Durnford's, that had it got into the hands of a publisher, instead of a private gentleman, I do not know but it might have proved the most successful one of the two."

Mr. Boaden has been foolishly attacked by

* "Mr. Bryant informs me that Holder had offered this picture to a friend for nine pounds, but who declined purchasing it, as Mr. Holder had told him it was one of his own making, out of a picture he had bought of Mr. B., prior to which Holder had two other old paintings of him, and both also were converted into Shakspeare."

* We have taken up this work at a time when Talma's *Old Bellows* have been sent again to England, and shown in the Haymarket, to find a purchaser; and another barefaced imposition is exhibiting in St. James's Street, for the same worthy purpose; it enough be offered for it.

* "The portrait was sold by Mr. Lewis, of Charles Street, Soho, to the Hon. T. Liddell, for the sum of thirty-nine pounds."

Mr. Wivell. The remarks of the latter upon this gentleman's Inquiry into the Authenticity of Portraits of Shakespeare, are in bad taste, and almost as deficient in temper as in talent: but some good may arise out of it; for it is not only in our power to prove that Mr. Boaden is a careful and able investigator of his subject, but that Mr. Wivell has played gull. His discovery of a letter B, which had been mistaken for N, at the back of the Felton picture, and was to be the basis of its authenticity, Mr. Boaden had exploded with much just and ingenious argument. It is amusing to observe that each attacks the other's most genuine portrait. Boaden denies the truth of the Felton picture; Wivell doubts the Chandos. There certainly is not evidence enough to convince us that the Chandos picture is genuine, but we have the most conclusive evidence that the Felton is a forgery: for it was altered and painted by John Crauch, from a picture bought in a broker's shop in the Minorities, and sold at the European Museum, by Wilson, to Mr. S. Felton, of Drayton, in Shropshire, on the 31st of May, 1792. The story about the bear's head, &c. in Wilson's letter, published in Mr. Boaden's work, is an auctioneer's trick. Wilson knew the history of the picture perfectly, which is shewn also in Mr. Boaden's work; for in 1794, Wilson communicated to Stevens, the commentator of Shakespeare, the story of the broker's shop in the Minorities; but Stevens had, upon first seeing the portrait, believed it to be genuine, and wrote to prove its authenticity. And though he was not only informed by Wilson of the truth, but even by Crauch, he refused to contradict what he had recorded, and like the late Payne Knight with the gem by Pistrucci, refused to believe the maker of the work, because it contradicted a favourite opinion that it had been the production of another person. Wivell has repeated the errors about the Felton picture, but he has helped, in other parts, to confirm the fact, that nothing remains to us upon which we can rely as a resemblance of our bard, but Martin Droeshout's print, published with the first complete edition of Shakespeare's plays, in 1623. To the resemblance preserved in this coarse and miserable engraving, Ben Jonson bears testimony in his lines below the portrait; and surely Heminge and Condell, the friends, fellows, and editors of our poet, would not have sent it forth if they had not been satisfied of the truth of resemblance.*

Tales of all Nations. 18mo. pp. 311. London, 1827. T. Hurst and Co.

WE like the plan of this work much: variety of writers must, we think, please variety of tastes; and here we have England's Olden Time, one of the best sketches of its author; two well-told Scottish legends; a very clever and *outré* true tale, the *Heir Presumptive*; and divers others: so that discontented must the reader be, who throws the bill of fare by wholly unsatisfied. For ourselves, we are content to take the Numidians.

Lara, a celebrated Spanish chief, is on a night-watch; and hears the sound of a horse passing at speed. "The horse was milk white—his long mane floated upon the night wind, which was roused, almost created, by the velocity of his motion;—his make, though somewhat slight, was muscular, as well as beautiful—unchecked by curb, unfettered by harness or

by housing, he bounded forward with the freedom of the desert, but without its wildness—for his master's voice was at once bit, and spur, and bridle-rein—it urged him to speed, it checked him short in a moment. Of the first of these the Spanish commander had proof almost at the moment he met his eye—of the second he was convinced very soon afterwards, for upon ordering twelve of his men forward to take the rider prisoner—extending, at the same time, the rest of his troop into a circle to surround him—the stranger with one word stopped his horse, and calmly waited the approach of his assailants. Lara had already recognised him as one of the famous Numidians who had come from the deserts of Africa to the aid of Boabdil. On his head he wore a black turban—on his body a short white tunic, crossed by a shining chain of silver, which bore his large and massive cimeter. His legs and arms were completely naked, with the exception of the golden bracelets with which they were adorned. In his left hand he held his buckler—in his right three javelins. He stopped short, as we have said, and firmly awaited the attack of the twelve men who were detached against him. As they drew within reach, he threw his three darts. Each unseated a horseman, and rolled him in the dust. One word to his horse, and he was off with the speed of light—while the remaining nine troopers followed dispersedly. The Numidian, however, found his progress barred: for Lara had already drawn the circle round him. He wheeled his gallant courser—avoided his pursuers—returned at full speed to the spot of the conflict—stooped without checking that speed, as he passed one of his victims—drew the javelin from his breast—and with it overthrew another of his pursuers, who now had again approached him. Meanwhile, Lara had beheld the conduct of the Numidian with extreme admiration. His bravery, his extreme skill in the management both of his weapons and his horse, had been displayed before one equally capable of estimating the excellence of all warlike exercises, and candid and generous in acknowledging it, although in the person of an enemy. Lara advanced towards the stranger; and, ordering his men to keep their ranks—who, stung with the loss of their comrades, were on the point of charging,—he thus addressed him: "Brave African, it is enough. Do not prolong a fruitless resistance. Yield your arms to me. I can scarce restrain my soldiers—leave me the gratification of preserving so brave a life." "Life," answered the Numidian, "life is a boon only to the happy—to the wretched it is a burden. Rather than become a captive, I will lose it by thy hand!" So saying, he drew his cimeter, and urged his horse upon the Spaniard. Lara threw down his lance, drew his sword, and met him midway. In courage and in skill it would be difficult to find two men more nearly matched: but the Castilian was sheathed in steel, while the Numidian had no defensive arms except a light buckler, which he wore upon his left arm. His javelins, in the use of which he had shewn such fatal skill—and which, at ordinary times, served as a counterbalance to the long lances and coats of mail of the Christians—his javelins had all been cast. Had they been sent from the quiver of Azrael, the aim could not have been surer or more deadly. Each had borne death upon its wing; and one might boast of a double victim. But now the African had only his cimeter and shield; his bare arms and legs—his light tunic—his linen turban—would seem to be unequally matched against the casque, and corselet, and gauntlets, and cuisses

of the steel-clad Spaniard. But in activity, both of horse and rider, the Numidian and his barb had vastly the advantage. There seemed, too, an unanimity, a community almost, of spirit between them, which was equally surprising and extraordinary. The horse seconded his master in every manœuvre both of attack and defence. He leaped into the air to give his descending blow more force—he sprang on one side to avoid that of his antagonist. The fable of the Centaur might almost be said to have been realised in them. Nor was the skill of the African inferior to the intelligence and activity of his gallant steed. His long cimeter swept through the air with a force, and descended in quick repeated blows with a weight, which rendered the armour of the Spaniard the safe-guard of his life. In defence, too, he was equally adroit. His solitary buckler was always under Lara's blow, wherever it might fall. It served at once for helmet and cuirass—for gauntlet and for greave; but its strength was unequal to its master's skill. The mighty stroke of the redoubted Lara, delivered with his whole strength, at last cut into two the buckler which received its force; clove the shoulder of the Numidian, and threw him to the earth. His gallant horse, on seeing his master fall, uttered that piercing cry which, from its rare occurrence, as well as its thrilling and unearthly tone, is perhaps the most appalling of all the sounds with which nature has gifted the animal creation. But this noble beast, not contented with thus lamenting his master, strove still to defend him. He covered his fallen body—and, standing upon his hind feet, reared into the air, and opposed, with his fore, the approach of Lara. As he turned, so did the horse: his threatening feet formed a rampart over his rider's body. At length, seeing the whole Castilian troop draw in, the horse (which almost seemed to share his master's hatred of captivity) fled with the speed of the wind across the plain, and disappeared in the distance. Lara, in the meantime, approached his prisoner; raised him from the earth—examined his wound, which he found had only penetrated the flesh,—and used towards him all those courtesies and amenities which were so familiar and so becoming to a brave and accomplished knight like this celebrated Spaniard."

The Numidian gives a spirited sketch of his life and love, and tells him how bitter his captivity; for his wife has been trusted to the care of Osman, who "had dared to take advantage of the trust of hospitality to offend the ear of Zora with vows of love!" "Lara, (he continues,) if the love of an African is fierce, his jealousy is furious. In his bosom it is the concentration of every passion—it sweeps away every thing before the violence of its course. The whirlwind of his desert is not more utterly devastating. Every thing is easy to us under its sway—every thing is permitted. We are open, we are hospitable to friends and to strangers; we are fond and faithful to our wives. But if the glance of an eye, the expression of a smile, appear to us to be directed towards them—blood, blood only, can wash the offence away. And blood should have washed away the offence of this insolent Moor; blood should have atoned for his having thus forgotten all that was due to the defenders of his country—to the guest beneath his roof. I was on my way to Carthage when your soldiers surrounded me. Perhaps I might have avoided them; but from you, sir, there was no escaping. The success of your arms has more than deprived me of life—it has deprived me of my best hope. Zora is in Osman's power, and I am the Spaniard's captive. Do you then

* We beg, however, to refer to what appeared in the *L. G.* on this subject a few weeks ago, and which went strongly to support the monumental bust at Stratford as a likeness.

wonder that I grieve?' 'Cease to grieve, brave African,' Lara answered; 'cease to grieve—day has broken—our camp is at hand—I will go straightway to the king, and urge your release. To your captor he will not deny it. Meanwhile, rest and refresh yourself; in a few hours you will be able to proceed!' As he spoke thus, they arrived at the Spanish camp; and, after a short time, Lara proceeded to the quarters of Ferdinand, to give the report of his nocturnal adventure. He found, however, the king just seated in his council, on affairs of great weight and moment. Lara, therefore, took his place and awaited till opportunity served to introduce his more immediate business. But the capture of the Numidian chief was, in the meanwhile, productive of other consequences. Zora had been anxiously awaiting the approach of Ishmaël; and, from the causes with which the reader is acquainted, had awaited it in vain. Hour after hour, she thought every sound must be his footstep, till, as day dawned upon her, hope had almost sickened into despair. She imagined to herself every misadventure which might have happened to him on his way from Granada; and, at last, with that impatience of inactivity which suspense always brings with it, she determined to go forth to seek him; she hoped to meet him on his way. She procured the war-dress of an Abencerrage; and, active and courageous, as her husband had represented her to be, she mounted on a courser, and, affecting to be charged with a commission from the governor, she passed out from the city without suspicion. She took the road towards Granada, and had not advanced far before she met an object which seemed to verify all her worst forebodings. It was the well-known horse of her husband; which, with his mane blood-bedabbled, and his air wild and terror-stricken, was rapidly approaching those towers to which his master had so often guided him. Zora recognised him at once; her heart sank within her at the sight; but she determined to know the extent of her misfortune. Placing herself, therefore, immediately across the path of the horse, as he drew near to her, she called to him by his name, in the tone in which she had so often caressed him. In despite of her dress, the faithful animal recognised her voice at once. He stopped short, and approaching her, rubbed his head gently against her knees. She patted his neck, and called upon the name of her husband aloud—'Ishmaël!—Ishmaël!' The horse seemed to understand her meaning, for he neighed and tossed his head into the air, as though in grief and lamentation. Zora took her resolution in an instant. She leaped upon his back, and throwing the rein loose upon his neck, the unwearied animal struck, at a rapid pace, into the direction from whence he had come. A moderate time brought her to the spot where the fight had taken place the night before, and where her husband had sunk under the blows of Lara. The bodies of the four Spaniards whom Ishmaël had overthrown lay upon the ground. Zora perceived by the javelins that the blows had been dealt by him. But not far from them, she recognised his buckler, cloven in two, and, as well as the sand on which it lay, stained with his blood. She flung herself upon the ground, impregnated with that blood, and gave vent to the most passionate grief. Suddenly a groan struck upon her ear; and, turning around, she perceived that it proceeded from one of the Spaniards, in whom some life was still left. She ran towards him; raised him; assisted him; quostoped him. The wounded soldier,

grateful for her care, collected the few Arabic words of which he was master, to inform her that it was a single Numidian, who, attacked upon his road, had pierced him and his companions, but that Lara had avenged them. The buckler was cloven, the blood was shed, by the hand of Lara. Zora gathered from this, that Ishmaël had been slain by the Spanish leader. She asked from the wounded soldier the direction of the camp: he pointed it out, and she set off at speed to reach it, promising to send the wounded man his comrades' help. Even in her own distress, woman observes and remembers the distress of others; even when, as in this case, she dares face the dangers of war, she does all that in her lies to mitigate its horrors. Having reached the Spanish outposts, she desired to speak to the officer of the guard. He appeared:—'Tell your commander,' she exclaimed, 'tell Lara, that the governor of Carthame awaits him here, with his sword in his hand—that he will fight with him, hand to hand, within his own lines. If he is not the most dastardly of men, he will not shrink from my challenge.' The officer was struck with extreme surprise; but such was the respect of the Castilians for all who claimed the rights of the lists, that he complied with the stranger's request, and sent one of his men to Lara's quarters with the message. Meanwhile, the supposed Governor of Carthame refused even to dismount. She remained motionless, awaiting Lara's coming. After some delay, during which she fulfilled her promise to the wounded man, she saw her antagonist approach. He was seated upon a noble horse, clad in casque and coat of mail, and was armed only with a sword. The day had now considerably advanced: it was twilight when the warriors met. They seemed animated by mutual enmity; without uttering one word they urged their coursers on each other, and struck a desperate blow, respectively, as they crossed. Both were wounded. On the return of their charge, the same thing again occurred; both struck, both were wounded. But such dilatory conflict seemed unfitted to their impatience. They sprang from their horses, and attacked each other hand to hand. The struggle was fierce and desperate. The inferior strength of Zora was compensated for by the loss of blood of her opponent, who would seem to have suffered more severely in the wounds which had been interchanged on horseback. He seemed to grow weaker and weaker, till at last she observed an opening in the fastenings of his armour, near the left shoulder, and hitting the spot with perfect accuracy of aim, her sword pierced him to the hilt. She drew it forth instantly, and again perforated him as he fell. 'Die, wretch!' she exclaimed, 'die, barbarian! and know that thou fallest by a woman's hand! It is Zora, the wife of Ishmaël, who thus avenges Ishmaël's death!' As she spoke these words, the dying man, in a voice which thrilled to the very marrow in her bones, exclaimed—'Zora!—and it is by your hand I die!—and it is against your life that my blows have been aimed!' She shuddered at the sound, threw herself upon him, freed him from his casque, and the last light of the evening fell upon the face of Ishmaël, already clammy with the dew of death! Yes, it was her Ishmaël whom she had slain; it was that husband whose death she came to avenge—whose death she had inflicted with her own hand! The soldier who had gone in from the outpost to Lara's tent had found he was still at the council. In awaiting his return, he conversed with the Numidian chief, and mentioned the purport of

his errand. The name of the Governor of Carthame struck like a trumpet-sound upon the ear of Ishmaël. 'Great Allah, I thank thee! thou hast delivered him into my hands!' he exclaimed. He entreated—he implored the soldier to let him go in Lara's place. He promised to answer for every thing to him; he loaded the man with his golden ornaments; the soldier yielded to the united influence of his entreaties and gifts. Ishmaël clothed himself in Lara's arms. They were new to him. He was stiff and weak from his former wound, which the corslet also galled. But he heeded nothing save to be revenged on Osman. The result we know. Zora was stupefied at this sight. 'Alas!' said her husband, 'this is a sad farewell for thee and me, Zora!—but rather would I die thus by thy hand, with the knowledge of thy all-sacrificing love, than live sultan of the whole world without thee! Live, Zora, live. You would have died for my sake; live for it. Comfort for my father—no one can, like you. Bless you, Zora!' His voice had been growing fainter and fainter; it ceased; he was no more! As he ceased speaking, Zora bent herself upon him—she strained him to her heart in a close embrace—she pressed her lips to his in a long-drawn kiss—her last breath was drawn with it!"

Written by a circle of friends, this is the very volume for a winter's evening around the hearth, and many a solitary reader will, we doubt not, pass a pleasant hour over the Tales of all Nations.

An Historical View of the Revolutions of Portugal since the Close of the Peninsular War; exhibiting a full Account of the Events which have led to the Present State of that Country. By an Eye-Witness. 8vo. pp. 392. London, 1827. Murray.

THIS is an extremely well-timed and also an intelligent publication. Seventeen years of personal acquaintance with the Peninsula,—enjoying superior opportunities (as appears from internal evidence) for obtaining information,—observing events with acuteness and sagacity,—and recording his opinions impartially,—it seems to us that we could hardly have a more satisfactory volume on the subject than that which the writer has here supplied. He has, indeed, laid open a correct view of the real and actual state of Portugal at a crisis extremely interesting, not only to Great Britain, but to the whole civilised world.

The work commences with a glance at the condition of Portugal in 1814, at the close of the Peninsular war; and it must be confessed that the picture is a distressing one. The manufactures were annihilated; agriculture was ruined; the splendour and wealth of the court was transferred to Brazil; the peasantry were wretched beyond belief; and the only powerful body which secured riches and their concomitant advantages, was found in an avaricious and grasping clergy. The corruption of the government exceeded all bounds; and though the army for a while preserved its discipline and character, at length a change was wrought even in that quarter, and during Lord Beresford's absence at Rio, the base intrigues of the Regency were effectual in accomplishing a revolution.

In 1820 the author thus sums up the calamitous account:

"The return of a season of tranquillity, which should have healed the wounds left by foreign invasion and national misfortunes, had been permitted to exercise no real salutary

influence. On the contrary, during these six years, the continued residence of the court in Brazil, with the exactions of an absentee nobility, the general corruption of the institutions of government, and the misrule of the Regency, had altogether aggravated instead of assuaging the sufferings of the nation. The clergy and the harpies of administration had alone flourished amidst the general calamity; the great body of the people, and especially the peasantry, were reduced to the lowest stage of penury and wretchedness; and an army, distinguished under its British commander for discipline and loyalty, had been goaded into impatience and discontent. That beneath such a system of misrule and misery the whole country should have become ripe for any change, will excite wonder in no reflecting mind; and it did not require the spirit of prophecy to anticipate that the first revolutionary movement would be eagerly embraced, and successfully prosecuted, against the corrupt and imbecile government. While the commander-in-chief was thus absent in Brazil, labouring for the public welfare of the kingdom, the army, no longer protected and maintained in its loyalty by his personal influence and vigilance, was abandoned to the evil suggestions of designing agitators. It then became an easy matter for a few individuals successfully to raise the standard of revolt; and the insignificant manner in which the revolution of 1820 was effected, fully manifested the general disaffection of the nation against its contemptible rulers."

The change was carried, and a constitution proclaimed by an officer who was in dread of having his peculations exposed; and consequently turned patriot. But the Cortes, when assembled, proceeded to such extremities, and conducted themselves in so gross and impolitic a manner, that general disgust soon superseded general enthusiasm; a re-action ensued; and soon after the arrival of John VI. from Brazil, Count Amarante raised the standard of counter-revolution—the Queen, insulted by the Cortes, intrigued vehemently against them—Prince Miguel put himself at the head of the royalist troops, and the absolute monarchy was re-established. This epoch brought forward an individual who has since exercised considerable influence on the fate of Portugal. This was the notorious Pamplona. He had commenced his public career as a traitor to his country, when the French army first assailed it; and he afterwards commanded a corps under Massena, in the invasion of 1810. Subsequently, he joined the army of Buonaparte in his expedition into Russia, and thus identified himself with the destroyers of Portugal, where he was so generally and justly execrated for his treachery, that his effigy had been publicly burnt at Lisbon. To avoid the doom of a traitor, and preserve a life forfeited to his injured country, he remained in Paris at the termination of the war: but when the Cortes published a decree of amnesty in favour of all those who had become outlawed, this man boldly presented himself at Lisbon, and, incredible as it may appear, was shortly elected a member of the Cortes. This sent Pamplona vacated only to enter upon the office of minister to the king, whose weakest points he had the address to assail by all the arts of successful adulation.

By cunning and falsehood, this person is represented as having infused into the king's mind the belief that Don Miguel aimed at his dethronement, and prevented the recall of Lord Beresford, whose sagacity and resolution would have been fatal to his projects. He was created Count of Subsera and Minister at War.

The Queen, treated with the most unmanly harshness, however, now contrived to make good her party, and another struggle ensued; but before we describe it, we offer an extract illustrative of the state of things to which we have just alluded.

"The extreme harshness maintained towards the queen, and the unmeasured severity of her treatment, excited the compassion of many, and daily augmented the number of her friends, until the whole of the party which had been originally the king's, espoused her cause; while the constitutionalists had disappeared, and the king, with the exception of the faction immediately about him, was without political supporters. Yet, among the lower orders he was beloved with an enthusiasm that, all circumstances considered, almost deserves the name of infatuation; and to the prevalence of such a feeling I can bear personal testimony, having witnessed at this time one of the most striking ebullitions of native loyalty that ever I saw displayed. The king had ordered a wolf-hunt to take place, near Santarem; and for that purpose the peasantry of the surrounding country were commanded to assemble in different directions, all moving upon a point where the royal shooting party were to await the approach of their prey, to be thus driven towards them in a manner similar to that in which the *tinche* of the Highland hunters collect the deer. A circle of several leagues was formed, which narrowed as the individuals comprising it approached the central station. When this duty was performed, such a scene ensued as baffles description. The joy of the rustics was of an almost frantic character, when, to the number of about three thousand, they caught a glimpse of the royal carriages, upon which they pressed as though resolved to demolish them. While some shouted their strenuous *vivas* in the most joyous tone, others were bathed in tears of silent delight, and many were thrown to the earth in their attempts to kneel as the carriages moved off. My astonishment was really great; for I well knew that, in addition to the long-protracted miseries to which these poor creatures had been subjected, through the contentions of their rulers, many of them were, at this moment, in a starving condition. For no allowance was made for their support during their attendance,—some for three days, others for less, to promote the royal pastime, at a considerable distance from their homes. Nor could they bear away provision for that period, without leaving their helpless families destitute. Half an hour previous to this enthusiastic display, I had seen the cavalry, who were employed to keep the cordon entire, roughly striking some of them with the flat of their sabres, because they did not move exactly in their assigned places; yet all was insufficient to abate the force of their loyal devotion. I was riding near the king's carriage, when a poor woman, with an infant in her arms, ran out from a cottage, and throwing herself on her knees, with so little regard to her personal safety, that she was in great danger of being rode over, sobbed out, 'Let me see my king! Look, my child, at our beloved father:—now I can die contented.' In all this there was no artifice, no attempt to produce stage effect, nor any expectation of personal advantage. All was evidently from the heart; and no one could witness with indifference such an affecting burst of simple love from an almost perishing people to a monarch, who, whatever he might possess of the will, had not enjoyed the power of conferring one national benefit upon

them. It was impossible to view the miserable condition and the artless good feeling of these poor creatures without a sentiment of deep commiseration, and an ardent desire that they might be brought to participate in the blessings which civil and religious liberty never fail to produce. To return from scenes of nature to those of art and insincerity—there was in the king's household another favourite, who, like Subsera, had betrayed the cause of his country, and attached himself to the interests of France; but who, on presenting himself to the king in Brazil, with the assurance of penitent regret, had been pardoned, and replaced in a situation of high favour at court. This man, the Marquis of Loulé, was Subsera's principal supporter, and undoubtedly lent to his schemes much important aid, which his situation so near the king's person gave him abundant opportunity of affording. At the palace of Salvaterra, where the royal family were passing some time on a sporting excursion, in the month of February 1824, the Marquis of Loulé was found to have fallen beneath the hand of some assassin. It was reported that, had the murderer found opportunity of carrying his original design into execution, Subsera himself, and another obnoxious character, would have shared the fate of this unfortunate nobleman, who, however incorrect in many parts of his conduct, was by no means to be ranked with Subsera in the scale of political depravity. An assertion was confidently made, that these murders had been planned by the queen, and that the infant was to direct the execution of her sanguinary project. But of this no proof was ever adduced. If any circumstances could ever palliate the foul crime of murder, the provocations unsparingly heaped against these royal personages might have furnished them with something like an excuse for the crime in their own minds; but it cannot be supposed that, had any thing in the form of admissible evidence been within the reach of their accusers, the latter would have hesitated to charge them publicly with the act. However, after various attempts to implicate different persons in this melancholy business, a seal was put upon all the proceedings; never again to be opened, even for the vindication of those innocent persons whose names had been most falsely and maliciously connected with the infamous transaction. The royalist party, and among them the Marquis of Chaves in particular, continued to speak very openly of the mal-administration that prevailed; and it appeared evident that matters would not long preserve an uninterrupted course. Considering how extensive and powerful was the influence exercised by this nobleman among the military, attentive observers expected a movement of the army against the government. Still the infant appeared true to his duty as a son; and before making any attempt to displace the party surrounding his royal father, he took measures to excite an interest in his behalf among the people, who still loved, though they could not much admire, their sovereign. Early on the morning of the 30th of April, 1824, the prince hurried to the quarters of the troops in Lisbon, summoning them to take arms for the defence of their king, against whom, he said, a conspiracy was formed by the freemasons (so the constitutionalists were generally called), whom he represented as then proceeding, with Subsera at their head, to assassinate his majesty. The effect of this vehement appeal was instantaneous; the troops sallied forth, and had, in a short time, arrested the whole of the king's household, all Subsera's known partisans, both in military and civil em-

ployment, and every person within their reach, who had made himself conspicuous during the days of the Cortes. While the troops were forming in the Rocio, the Marquis of Chaves galloped among them, with his hat in his hand, crying aloud, 'Death to the freemasons!' The king was surrounded in his palace, where admittance was granted only to the acknowledged followers of the infante. The prince himself demanded his majesty's consent to institute immediately a commission for the trial of those whom he denounced as traitors to their sovereign, their country, and religion, with authority to execute forthwith such sentence as should be passed upon the criminals. The poor king, fearing from his anxious deliverer the violence which they imputed to the intention of others, and unable to extricate himself from the queen's party, which entirely surrounded him, granted all the infante's demands; and arrests to the amount of eighteen thousand were instantly directed to take place throughout the country. It was a time of general consternation and terror: no man considered himself safe, while the false denunciation of a private enemy seemed the unflinching introduction to a violent death. The commitments appeared as indiscriminate as they were numerous: men who were firm friends to royalty, avowed enemies to masonic institutions, and opposed to the Cortes, even on the strong grounds of individual wrong sustained under their rule, were alike dragged to prison, with as little prospect of being allowed to vindicate themselves as the real adversaries of the royal cause had of escaping princely vengeance. Suberra himself was doomed to suffer death as soon as he should be captured; but he made good his retreat to the residence of the French ambassador, from whence he was adroitly smuggled on board an English frigate."

The violence and tyranny of the now predominant party (the Queen and Prince Miguel) led to the King's flight to a British man-of-war, and the subsequent cajoling of the Prince on board, his arrest and banishment, and the restoration of his Majesty's authority and of the influence of Suberra,—for not preventing which, the author censures our ambassador, Sir E. Thornton. That gentleman was in fact soon after recalled, and succeeded by Sir W. A'Court (1823, 4), who procured the removal of Suberra, the determined enemy of England and her interests.

We must also defer the conclusion of this review till our next.

Timkowski's Mission to China. 2 vols. 8vo.

PRECEDING numbers of the *Gazette* (534 and 535) made our readers acquainted with the most prominent circumstances in Mr. Timkowski's route from Russia (through Mongolia) to China; and having been interrupted by weekly novelties, and increasing claims upon our attention, we gladly seize the present opportunity to bring the review to a conclusion. The author (it may be remembered) has been for some time in Peking; of which he tells us—

"All the dwellings, from the hut of the artisan to the palace of the rich man, are of one story, and built of brick, and stand in a courtyard, which is always surrounded by a high stone wall, so that from the street nothing is to be seen but the roof. Shops joining to the houses are an exception. Large windows, with paper instead of glass, occupy almost the whole of the front, which is always turned towards the south, as far as the situation will allow. The windows of the convent have Muscovy

glass, which is a kind of mica; the rooms are tolerably high, and hung with white or coloured paper. In most houses, in all the shops, and even in the palace of the emperor, remarkable sentences of celebrated philosophers and poets are written on these hangings, as well as on white, red, or other coloured paper: these inscriptions are called *louisins*. In the houses of the rich, the doors and partitions are of costly woods, such as camphor and cypress, and adorned with carved work. Besides being agreeable to the eye, they diffuse a pleasing perfume in the apartment. The tables and chairs, made of the finest wood, are highly varnished and polished. Large houses have a whole range of rooms which have no communication with each other, but all open into a covered gallery, supported on pillars, which runs in front of them. There are no stoves in the rooms, which are heated by coals placed in copper vessels made for the purpose, or in hollows contrived under large stone benches; these benches are placed under the windows or along the opposite wall, and serve as seats during the day, and as beds by night. The form of the roofs of the Chinese houses is well known in Europe: they are not flat, as in the hot countries of the East, but high and concave from the top to the edges, which project beyond the walls of the houses, and are curved a little upwards, something like the summer-houses in our European gardens. Some travellers have remarked that these roofs are a reminiscence of the form of the dwellings of the primitive inhabitants, that is to say, the tents of the nomad tribes. All the buildings are covered with tiles, which are sometimes glazed with a green, red, or yellow varnish. Here, however, there are rules for every thing, and according to these, only the imperial buildings and the temples may be covered with yellow tiles; those of princes and great men, with green; for other houses, gray tiles are used. In other respects, the style of the houses differs only in such particulars as the locality, and the circumstances of the proprietors, naturally cause. Thus the houses in the southern provinces differ from those of Peking."

"The following is an instance of the rapacity of the mandarins. Twenty-five years ago, an inundation had wholly destroyed a village in the province of Shantung, and the inhabitants had barely time to escape with their lives. The Emperor Kienlong passing that way, ordered a sum equal to 200,000 rubles in silver to be paid to the victims; of this sum, the imperial treasurer, it is said, kept 40,000 rubles for himself, his first secretary 20,000, and so this large donation dwindled away to 40,000 rubles, before it reached the poor country people for whose benefit it was designed. A Chinese or Manchoo officer, who was at Peking at the time of Lord Macartney's embassy, assured us that the same had happened with the 30,000 rubles, which, by the emperor's order, were to be paid daily for the support of that legation, which, from the 6th of August to the 19th of December, 1793, cost the Chinese treasury nearly a million rubles in silver. In general it seems, that in China, more than in any other part of the civilised world, money is the main spring that sets every thing in motion. No governor of even a small province has less than 60,000 silver rubles annually. These offices are conferred for a few years only, and yet the holders of them seldom retire without having amassed great riches. The most rigorous punishment inflicted on one of them for such practices does not in the least deter his successor from having recourse to the same means to gratify his rapacity."

The picture of the upper ranks is not more captivating than that of the lower.

"The want of cleanliness (says the author) which we meet with even among persons of rank, is the more disagreeable, as the Chinese, unlike all the other nations of the East, are either unacquainted with the bath, or but seldom wash their bodies; they even consider it unhealthy to bathe in summer. They use neither pocket-handkerchiefs nor napkins at table; a piece of paper answers the purpose."

The Chinese Almanack is another curious matter.

"Notwithstanding the aversion of the Chinese to the profession of the Roman Catholic religion, which has been shewn, first by persecuting, and then by expelling the Jesuits from the empire, the Chinese government is, however, obliged to keep at least some missionaries at Peking to compile the almanack. While astrology has led in other nations to the study of astronomy, the Chinese, though they have studied astrology for some thousand years, have made no progress in the real knowledge of the stars. Their ancient boasted observations, and the instruments which they make use of, were brought by the learned men, whom Koubilai, the grandson of Gingis Khan, had invited from Balk and Samarcand. The government, at present, considers the publication of an annual calendar of the first importance and utility. It must do every thing in its power, not only to point out to its numerous subjects the distribution of the seasons, the knowledge of which is essentially necessary to them, to arrange the manner of gaining their livelihood, and distributing their labour; but on account of the general superstition, it must mark in the almanack, the lucky and unlucky days, the best days for being married, for undertaking a journey, for making their dresses, for buying, or building, for presenting petitions to the emperor, and for many other cases of ordinary life. By this means, the government keeps the people within the limits of humble obedience; it is for this reason that the emperors of China established the academy of astronomy, but we must not expect to find men really acquainted with that science. When this illustrious body, composed of Mantchoos, and in which Europeans, though subordinate, are the most active, condescended to look at the Planetarium, which was among the presents which the king of England sent to the emperor of China by Lord Macartney, Mr. Barrow was not able to make the president of this learned society understand the real merit of that instrument. Besides, how should a people be able to comprehend astronomy, to know the position of the heavenly bodies, and determine the orbits of the planets, while it is ignorant of the elements of mathematics, and makes its calculations by the help of vertical arithmetical tables, like those used by the shop-keepers in Russia, and who are ignorant both of analysis and geometry?"

The Christians, it appears, were severely persecuted in 1805, in consequence of displaying too ardent a zeal for making proselytes.

"At Peking many thousand persons were discovered who had embraced the Christian religion, even among the members of the imperial family and mandarins. The enraged monarch commanded that the common people should remain unmolested, and directed all his vengeance against the members of his family. He appointed a special commission, composed of the director-general of the police at Peking (Tiotou), of a prince of the blood, and the president of the department of criminal affairs, and ordered all those who obstinately refused to ab-

jure Christianity to be imprisoned and tortured in the most cruel manner, after having been deprived of their rank and fortune, to be beaten on the cheeks and thighs, to have incisions made in the soles of their feet, and the wound filled with horse hair, finely cut, then closed with a plaster and sealed up. It is affirmed that such tortures had never before been practised in China. Several of these miserable beings, chiefly Chinese soldiers, lost their courage during these tortures, but the majority remained faithful to their religion. In the sequel, the president of the criminal tribunal having learnt that in his own house nearly all his relations and servants were Christians, was less rigorous in his examinations, and more indulgent towards the Christians. An order was issued for seizing in the four Catholic convents in Peking, all works relating to the Christian religion, written in Chinese or Mantchoo, as well as the blocks which served for printing them; but the priests succeeded in saving the greater part. Thus the distrustful character of the Chinese, and the indiscreet zeal of the Jesuits, in sending the map and the young Chinese to the Pope, were the principal causes of the persecution against the Roman Catholic Christians; for otherwise the Chinese government is in many respects distinguished for its great toleration."

With these brief additions to what we formerly said, we must now conclude; though we have not even touched the second volume, which contains a vast mass of historical and geographical, and other useful knowledge, not merely confined to China, but spread over several contiguous countries rarely visited by Europeans.

Maps, and the other usual adjuncts, contribute much to render this publication more worthy of the public.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

Oswain Goch; a Tale of the Revolution. By the Author of the Cavalier. 3 vols. Longman and Co. London, 1827.

WE have not much to say in favour of these volumes: there are too many good novels in the present day, for cold imitation or second-hand topics to have much chance of success. The tale is far inferior to the Cavalier.

The Aylmers; a Novel. 3 vols. Saunders and Otley.

VERY indifferent indeed: one of the class of fashionable novels which we trust the *Literary Gazette* has annihilated.

Mrs. Leslie and her Grandchildren; a Tale. By Mrs. Hamerton. C. Tilt, London.

WELL written, and inculcating the most excellent principles, we can safely recommend this little volume to our younger readers.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, June 29.

THE Session of the Chambers closed last Saturday or Sunday; and as you will see by the papers, a royal ordinance, establishing the censorship of the press, was sent to the *Moniteur*. It appeared on Monday; on Tuesday the censors were established in their functions; and the journals of Wednesday bore testimony of their zeal. One publication (*La France Chrétienne*) did not appear at all, nearly the whole of the articles being suppressed. *Le Figaro* was mutilated of its vignette and an advertisement. The vignette represented a scene in Beaumarchais' comedy of the Marriage of Figaro, in

which Figaro is going to apply the *argumentum ad Baculum* to Bazile, who is dressed as a Jesuit, with the motto—*Ah! Basile, mon mignon, si jamais une vallée de bois vert*—! It is indeed descending to particulars to visit with censorial wrath so insignificant an object as the vignette in question. What the *treason* in the advertisement was, cannot be learnt.

The *Moniteur* tells us the censorship is quite paternal, a sort of *custos morum*, a tribunal of love and justice, like the defunct project of last session. All grave discussions of ministerial acts are to be allowed, says the *Moniteur*; ergo, they are not allowed to be laughed at or ridiculed. No epigrams, no satires, no quizzing, if you please; so that the French press, to suit the signs of the times, must be edited by Dutch or Germans. A certain editorial baron exclaimed, on reading the commentary in the *Moniteur*,—*Prafo! tans une année tous les éditeurs les journaux Français seront Allemands*. No more falsehoods, no more scandal, no more calumny, will be admitted into the journals; they will contain nothing but facts. This will be capital; to "lie like the *Moniteur*" will cease to be a proverb. The reign of Astrea, in fine, the golden age of newspapers, is now commenced; they must speak the truth, (and we hope) the whole truth, and nothing but the truth: and all this is to be effected by half-a-dozen censors!! in France!!! An Englishman grumbles and pays; a Frenchman spurts, fumes, writes an epigram, and pays. His country is ruined, and all is going to the d—, till a successful new opera makes him forget the king's ministers and taxation. Let him kick and wince!—he bears his burden, and having dined well, and taken his *demie tasse et petit verre*, he forgets all his troubles.

M. Cuvier has made a notable discovery, which he has communicated to the Institute, many of the members of which could not help smiling when they found the learned secretary labouring to prove that the *exagis* of the ancient and modern Greeks, is no other than the *scarus* of the Roman tables, and our own unpotted char! We are not aware that any person ever doubted it, until the learned secretary attempted to prove it.

A work is announced, under the title of the History of Christina, Queen of Sweden; and extracts from it have already found their way into the journals, under the shape of political maxims. They are evidently spurious, and invented *ad hoc*. The apologue and the fable are thought insufficient to express the author's sentiments, so he puts them into the mouth of an atrocious murderer, who could neither be happy on the throne nor off it, neither as a Protestant nor a Papist; a woman, who, possessing none of the virtues of her own sex, aped those as well as the vices of the other. Even truth comes ungratefully, flowing through such a polluted channel; and the satirist knows only half his business, in attributing his *wise maxims* to such an oracle.

We are all on the tiptoe of expectation for Scott's Napoleon. There is not a work, either ancient or modern, that ever went through the ordeal to which it is destined. By some it has, unseen, been already tried and condemned. Others, more impartial, intend to examine it carefully throughout as to the facts, disregarding the author's opinion. Be the work what it may, it will produce a good effect in eliciting a great body of information on the history of the epoch.

GARDENS OF THE HESPERIDES.

To the Editor.

SIR,—Your extracts from Beechey's Gardens of the Hesperides, particularly those at p. 405, col. 3, have brought to mind, that in the south-east part of the island of Malta, within two miles of that part of the shore (and where there is a small inlet, under the heights of Zarick) which is the most contiguous to the port of Bengasi, there is a garden in the highest state of cultivation, and for more particulars regarding which I refer you to the annexed extract. During the winter season I have frequently found it more than one-third full of water, which has not filtered away, but after many days: as the cavern is in much lower ground than the surrounding places, and the rains in that southern country are at times exceedingly heavy, the great depth of the soil therein, and its richness, may be readily accounted for. Yours, &c.

An Old Inhabitant at Malta, and Resident at Casal Krendi.

"It is to the sinking in of one of those caverns called 'Makluba,' which signifies overthrown, south-east of Casal Krendi, from whence it is distant about a quarter of a mile, must be attributed. It is a circular, or rather oval cavity upwards of a hundred feet in depth, and in the form of a broken cone. Its situation is nearly two miles from the south-east coast, and fully half a mile from the cliffs. The area below is ninety-five paces in the longest diameter, and eighty in the shortest: the opening above may be about twenty paces wider in diameter. The sides are composed of strata, which have the usual direction from north to south; and such is their regularity, that the whole wears the appearance of a regular excavation. The lower beds are corroded in the same manner as the rocks which are exposed to the agitation of the water, their surfaces being unequal and full of holes, but have, notwithstanding, a kind of polish, and are harder than the rest of the stone. The upper beds, on the contrary, are corroded in the same manner as all the other rocks of Malta exposed to the air alone, and very different from those below.

The vegetable earth in the cavern is so deep, that though it has been dug to a considerable depth, a bottom (of rock) has not yet been found. It is therefore very natural to conjecture, that the present appearance has been occasioned by the falling in of a great cavern communicating with the sea;* nor is it probable that the period of this accident is remote; as there is every reason to believe that habitations had been built upon the place that has given way, from a cistern or well, 50 feet deep, which is still visible in a steep part of the cave, where the stairs have been made which form the descent into it. It was probably of a much greater depth, but has been filled up with the earth of some adjoining slopes. The opening of this excavation is in a hollow, or what may be considered as a small valley."†

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

TRAVELS.—Among the extraordinary travellers who have excited public curiosity, no one has been more the subject of wonder than Mr. Holman, who, in a state of utter blindness,

* Perhaps Dr. Anderson may have heard what was told to me some years afterwards, that the beating of the waves were formerly distinctly heard as if at the bottom of this cave.

† Quere—May not more excavations be found in other parts of the north coast of Africa, and also in Sicily, Calabria, &c.? the purposes for which they were originally intended would be a curious inquiry.—Ed. L. G.

performed not only a tour through France, Italy, &c. but absolutely found his way through Russia into the wild deserts of Siberia! After doing this, it may be the less astonishing to hear that he this week embarked on board the Eden frigate for Africa!!! That ship is commissioned by the able and intelligent Captain Fitzwilliam Owen, who recently returned from a five years' survey of the African shores, and we have reason to believe that new settlements and changes in that quarter will result from his present voyage. But be its objects what they may, he has given the Blind Traveller a passage to the coast, and it is understood that Mr. Holman will immediately proceed to penetrate into the interior of the country. Is it possible that a gentleman in his dark situation should accomplish what so many, blessed with all their faculties, have failed in attempting? Is it possible that, after all, we should obtain a knowledge of these parts from such a source? We do not despair of it, for Mr. H. is a seasoned traveller, inured to tropical climates, full of expedients, and beyond credibility acute and indefatigable in procuring information. Thus, we have seen him not only glean a vast number of amusing anecdotes (in a manner peculiar to his misfortune) from France and Italy, but actually furnish readers with an excellent guide book for that tour; and we have seen him, though following in the pedestrian and observant steps of Captain Cochrane, giving equally clear details of the manners of the people, &c. in Siberia, and a very perfect account of the scientific establishments at Petersburg and Moscow. Having performed so much, there is no predicating what he may perform even in Africa. At all events he is in the best way, for Captain Owen's advice and assistance must be invaluable on such an expedition. Should it prosper, which we sincerely trust it may, we believe we may pledge ourselves to our readers to have the earliest particulars regularly in the *Literary Gazette*.

THE CHART OF HEALTH, by Dr. Lawrence. Published by E. Lacey, and Cowie and Strange.—What a glorious chart would this be, if one could ascertain by it the true longitudes and latitudes where the schools of disease and the rocks of pain could be avoided, and the meridian of health and vigour happily reached! But it is a different sort of publication. On the face of a large sheet, in columnar form, are arranged—1. all the disorders incident to poor humanity—2. their causes—3. their symptoms—4. their medical treatment—and 5. observations. It seems to be a very useful table; but it is a fearful thing to look upon so many ills at one glance, and, like Macbeth, we exclaim, "We'll see no more!"

STUDY OF ANATOMY.

In the last-published Number of the *London Medical Repository* (which we understand has just changed its editorship,) there is an idea on the subject of dissections which appears to deserve careful examination. A right honourable member of the House of Commons has recently stated, that, in order to enlarge the resources of the anatomist, the bodies of all persons executed for capital felonies, and of such as die in prison, should be handed over for this purpose. The editor contends that such an award would be unjust, inasmuch as it savours of a forfeit, if not of a punishment; and as the mere circumstance of incarceration (of itself sufficiently appalling) is not evidence

of guilt, the outrage thus committed on "what may be a feeling, though it is, in fact, a prejudice," would be unwarrantable, unless the proposal be restricted to such as die under sentence; which was probably Mr. Peel's meaning.

On the other hand, the journalist contends that the bodies of such as die in hospitals are more strictly and justly the property of science, because the parties who resort to these places come of their own accord in quest of relief, which of course is a boon or benefit. In return for attempts made to afford this boon, it is stated that permission, or rather a right, to examine the bodies of such as die, is but a small equivalent, and entirely a *quid pro quo*. Further, it is observed, that there can be no comparison between the injury actually done to the individual, and still less imagined on the part of others, by a private inspection of bodies (such as would be adhered to, were subjects sufficiently plentiful), and that inflicted by the exposure and examination of a sick and dying but conscious person, in the presence of the numerous attendants and students in the ward of a public hospital.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

OXFORD, June 30.—On Thursday last the following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—S. H. Knapp, Merton College; Rev. G. B. Bonston, Michel Fellow of Queen's College; Rev. E. Ludlow, St. Edmund Hall; Lord Viscount Morpeth, Christ Church; Rev. T. H. Dyke, Rev. E. J. Wingfield, Rev. C. J. Glyn, T. B. Lloyd, R. B. Berens, Students of Christ Church; Rev. D. J. Eyre, Oriel College; Rev. J. Marshall, Worcester College; Rev. W. J. Butler, Denby, Rev. J. R. Phillott, R. Burnford, Fellow, Magdalen College; J. W. Henry, E. G. Bayly, Fellow, G. C. Jordan, Rev. J. Thomas, Pembroke College; Rev. R. Alderson, Exeter College.
Bachelors of Arts.—P. Wroughton, J. F. Willis, Oriel College; J. F. Cole, Worcester College; J. White, Pembroke College.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

Conclusion of the Meetings, since our last Report.

May 16.—The Secretary read a paper by Mr. Sharon Turner, on the resemblances discoverable between the Anglo-Saxon and Persian languages.

The most probable derivation of the Saxons which has been suggested, is from the *Sacians*, or *Sacassani*; a people mentioned by Pliny and Strabo, as originally inhabiting the regions of Persia about the Caspian Sea. In support of this derivation, it has been observed, that several words in the present language of Persia nearly resemble those of the same signification in Saxon: of such resemblances five remarkable instances are adduced by Camden, from Jos. Scaliger.

This hint has given rise to the present attempt to ascertain, by a comparison of the two languages, whether such a number of coincidences are discoverable as materially to confirm the belief that Persia was originally the country of our Saxon progenitors. Although, supposing that belief well founded, the total separation of the two nations for at least 2000 years, the progressive migration of the Saxons along the north of Asia, and through the whole breadth of the upper surface of Europe, together with the numerous vicissitudes which have befallen them,—must have tended greatly to obliterate the marks of original similitude between their respective languages:—yet the result of the comparison made by the writer, during a very brief period of leisure which he was able to devote to this object, has been the discovery of 162 Persian words which have a direct affinity with as many Anglo-Saxon terms of the same meaning. He has likewise

added a list of 57 similar resemblances between the latter tongue and the *Zend*, or ancient Persian; and a third, consisting of 43 coincidences of it with the Pehlavi, an intermediate language, used in Persia, between the modern Persian and the *Zend*.

It is Mr. Turner's opinion, that a more elaborate investigation of these analogies would further confirm the Asiatic derivation of the Saxons. To judge from the specimens adduced by him in the present ingenious essay, we are inclined to believe that such an investigation, pursued with patience and research equal to the interest of the subject, could hardly fail to place the fact beyond the reach of doubt.

June 20.—This was the last meeting of the Society for the season.

A paper on the use of poetry as the earliest vehicle of information, and on the music, dance, and drama of the ancients, was read by Mr. J. P. Thomas.

Various presents of books were, as usual, laid upon the table; as was also a curious mythological picture of the *Incarnations* of the Boodhaic superstition, procured from Cotmundi, the capital of Nepal, and presented to the Society by Lieut.-Col. Franklin.

Archdeacon Fisher, the Rev. Dr. Waite, Sir George Gibbs, and others, were elected; proposals were read for the election of Sir J. Swinburne, bart. &c. Several members, who attended for the first time since their election, were admitted.

In consequence of the great delay occasioned to the business of the Society by the omission, agreeably to an existing by-law, of such meetings as, according to the usual course, would take place in Easter and Whitsun weeks, it was resolved, at the meeting of council, this day, that, for the future, the meetings so omitted shall be held in the weeks following Easter and Whitsun week, respectively.

BUNAPARTE.

A BRIEF memoir of M. Barbier, librarian to the Conseil d'Etat, has lately been published by his son. M. Barbier was private librarian to Buonaparte. While in that post, Napoleon ordered him several times a week, usually during and after dinner, sometimes even in the night, to bring him the best new works; and occasionally to read them aloud. During the Emperor's campaigns, all the new publications were forwarded to him every day, with an analysis and a criticism. When he set off for the army, he carried with him a travelling library, composed of small volumes, containing the best authors in history and literature, as also such works as related to the country to which he was proceeding. Having remarked that this library was deficient in several important works, and having been informed that the size of the volumes would not permit their introduction, Buonaparte on several occasions conceived the project (which was never executed) of causing to be printed, for his own use, a library, the plan of which he traced in the two following notes, which he sent to M. Barbier.

"Bayonne, July 17, 1808.

"The Emperor desires to form a travelling library of a thousand volumes, in small duodecimo, printed in a good type. His majesty's intention is to have these works printed for his private use, without margins, that no room may be lost. The volumes must contain between five and six hundred pages each, with the thinnest possible binding. The library must be composed of about forty religious works, forty epic, forty theatrical, sixty poetical, a hundred

romances, sixty historical. The remainder, up to the thousand, to consist of historical memoirs of all ages.—The religious works to comprehend the best translations of the Old and New Testament, some of the Epistles, and other important works of the Fathers of the Church, the Koran, Mythology, some select dissertations on the various sects which have had an influence in history, such as the Arians, the Calvinists, the Reformers, &c. and a History of the Church, if it can be comprised in the prescribed extent.—The epics to be, Homer, Lucian, Tasso, Telemachus, the Henriade, &c.—Among the tragedies, only those of Corneille which are stock pieces; leave out of Racine, *Les Frères Ennemis*, *L'Alexandre*, and *Les Plaideurs*; put only of Crebillon, *Rhadamiste*, *Atrée et Thyeste*; and of Voltaire only the stock pieces.—In history, some good chronological works, principally the ancient and original ones, which convey a detailed knowledge of the history of France. As history, may be added Machiavel's Discourses on Titus Livius, the Spirit of Laws, the Roman Greatness, and what it is proper to preserve of Voltaire's History. Among the romances, the New Heloise, and Rousseau's Confessions; the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Fielding, Richardson, Le Sage, &c. need not be mentioned, for they will naturally be there; also Voltaire's Tales. [Note. Neither the Emilius, nor a heap of useless letters, memoirs, discourses, and dissertations, by Rousseau, need be put; the same observation is applicable to Voltaire.] The Emperor desires to have a *catalogue raisonné*, with notes indicating the best works, and an account what would be the expense of printing and binding the thousand volumes; what each volume might contain of every author; what each volume would weigh; how many chests would be necessary; what would be their size, and what space they would occupy.—The Emperor is equally desirous that M. Barbier should engage with one of our best geographers in the following undertaking:—to compile memoirs respecting the campaigns which took place on the Euphrates, and against the Parthians, beginning with that of Crassus, about the 8th century, and comprehending those of Anthony, Trajan, Julian, &c., to describe on charts of a convenient size the road which each army followed, with the ancient and modern names of the countries and the principal towns, and geographical remarks on the territory, with historical narratives of each expedition, derived from the original authors."

"Schoenbrunn, June 12, 1809.

"The Emperor feels every day the want of a travelling library composed of historical works. His majesty is desirous that the number of volumes in this library should amount to three thousand, all in eighteens, like the works in the dauphin's collection of eighteens; each volume consisting of between four and five hundred pages, printed in good types by Didot, on thin vellum paper. The duodecimo shape takes too much room; and, besides, the works printed in that form are almost all bad editions. The three thousand volumes should be placed in thirty chests, in three rows, each row containing thirty-three volumes. The collection should have a general and a numerical index, divided into five or six parts; as, 1. Chronology and Universal History; 2. Ancient History by the original writers, and Ancient History by the moderns; 3. History of the Lower Empire by the original writers, and History of the Lower Empire by the moderns; 4. General and Particular History, as Voltaire's Essay, &c.; 5. Modern History of the

European States, France, Italy, &c.—Strabo, D'Anville's Ancient Maps, the Bible, and some History of the Church, must also be introduced: Such is the outline of five or six divisions, which must be considered and filled up with care. A certain number of men of letters and taste must be employed to revise the editions, to correct them, to suppress all useless matter, such as the editors' notes, &c. and all Greek or Latin text; retaining only the French translation. A few Italian works alone, of which there is no translation, ought to be preserved in the original. The Emperor requests M. Barbier to prepare a plan of this library, and to inform him of the most advantageous and economical mode of collecting the three thousand volumes.—When the series of three thousand historical works is complete, it may be followed by three thousand of natural history, voyages, literature, &c. The greater part of these it will be easy to collect; for many of them are already in eighteens.—M. Barbier is also requested to send a list of the works, with clear and detailed notes respecting them, and the literary men who should be employed in collecting them; an estimate of the time required, the expense, &c."

FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

The Antique Academy presents its usual miscellany of paintings, drawings, enamels, and miniatures: the latter, however, are by far the most striking attraction, and, in truth, every way deserving of attention. These "pictures in little," from their variety and excellence, appear to us to have surpassed former exhibitions in this department of art.

The enamels by H. Bone, R. A. are Nos. 450. *The Assumption of the Virgin*, after the original by Murillo, in the possession of Martin Tupper, Esq.; No. 453. *The Right Hon. Lord Rolle*, after the original by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.; No. 459. *The Right Hon. Hookham Frere*, after the original by the late John Hoppner, R.A.

Among the miniatures, some of the most admirable are No. 657. *Portrait of His Excellency the Marquis of Wellesley, K.G., Lord Lieutenant of Ireland*, &c. &c. A. Robertson; No. 685. *The Death of the Stag; Portrait of Æneas Ronaldson, Esq.*, &c. A. Robertson.

No. 678. *Belinda*. Miss Sharp.—The subject from Pope's Rape of the Lock: beautiful and fanciful in its design, and richly and brilliantly coloured. There are also others by this lady of extraordinary merit.

No. 838. *Titania and the Indian Boy*.—Miss L. Sharp.—is one of the most delightful subjects as a miniature that we have ever seen. The question of size has long since been set at rest; and we find in this example the fulness and richness of Sir Joshua's paintings, without ever once thinking of dimensions.

The following, among others, (it may be of equal excellence,) are, in our opinion, well worthy of inspection. No. 798. *Portrait of the Earl of Normanton*, by S. J. Roehard; No. 804. *Portrait of a Lady*.—Mrs. Green; No. 837. *Portrait of the Infant Daughter of Sir Thomas Woolleston White, Bart.* A. E. Chalon, R.A.

No. 799. *Portrait of Miss Coleridge*. Eliza Jones.—No. 822. *Portrait of Mrs. Henry Rolles*. W. J. Newton.—These, with others of equal merit by Mrs. J. Robertson, F. T. Roehard, M. Houghton, H. Burch, &c., make up the rich assemblage.

The portraits in oil, condemned to a place in this room, are of small account in general. We must, however, except, perhaps the only one which can be fairly said to be seen, No. 461. *Portrait of Robert Vernon, Esq.*—W. Bradley.—which is a fair example of the artist's talents, as well as of a chaste and efficient style of portrait.

No. 449. *Study for a Head of Sancho Panza*, and No. 458. *Study for a Head of Don Quixote*. C. R. Leslie, R.A.—The last is an admirable performance, and strikingly characteristic. The countenance of Sancho is, however, no easy task, and it does not, in the present instance, strike us as a successful effort of the artist.

No. 466. *A Family Group*. A. E. Chalon, R.A.—This drawing is in the usual style of the artist's performances, highly elegant and ultra fashionable.

No. 481. *Avron staying the Plague*. G. Jones, R.A.—We have had occasion to remark on the classic subjects from the pencil of this artist. In this, as well as others of his drawings, there is the same elevated character as formerly; but No. 582. *L'Embrasement du Monde*, is, we think, eminently the best.

No. 478. *Interior of a Church between Rouen and Paris*. S. W. Reynolds.—Unfinished and rude in its execution, it, nevertheless, presents a very powerful effect of that subdued and partial light which distinguishes subjects of the kind. No. 490. *A Sketch from Nature*, is not, in our judgment, equally successful; the moon and firelight contend too much.

No. 581. *A Moorish Girl*. R. J. Lane.—A very sweet and highly-finished drawing, in which the abandonment of hope is touchingly expressed.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A Series of Lithographic Drawings illustrative of the Relation between the Human Physiology and that of the Brute Creation. From Designs by Charles Le Brun. With Remarks on the System. Large folio. London, 1827. Carpenter and Son: Engelmann and Co.

LITHOGRAPHY is well and usefully applied to works like the present, affording a great deal of illustration at a moderate price. Le Brun's system was famous some hundred years ago, and certainly merited to be revived in our speculative age. It is indeed curious. Every person with eyes in his own head has noticed the general resemblance which some of his fellow-human beings bear to various animals—the lion, the ox, the goat, the horse, the fox, the cat, the monkey, the ass; and as for particular features and traits, such as the hawk or eagle nose, the pig-snout, the ox-lip and ox-eye, the cat's-eye, the ape-grip, &c. &c. one cannot walk abroad without meeting with staring examples of them. Le Brun, by applying an equilateral triangle in a particular manner upon the face as a rule of measurement, fancied he had established a criterion by which he could trace the passions of men and animals—shew where they coincided, and where they differed; and thus from a physiognomical glance discover whether the parties were fiery, mild, stupid, acute, brave, cowardly, loving, cold, or otherwise. It is not for us to decide whether the hypothesis be founded or not. We confess that we are inclined to doubt it; or rather to say that the canon is very far from being complete. For example, it is true that we have met men very like asses, who were asses; but again, we have looked upon very agreeable and handsome-looking civilised Hy-

manities who were quite as great donkeys as those whose features were asinine. It is a difficult philosophical thing to reconcile such matters, however; and as we have not much room for metaphysics, we shall merely observe upon these assimilated portraits of men and brutes, that we have, in the course of our natural perceptions, observed individuals who without a pig feature were intolerable bores—ladies of the gentlest cast of countenance, who were absolute cats—lion-looking gentry, who ran as hares would from any symptom of danger—and folks of the owl fashion in phiz, who were really remarkable for want of wisdom.

Le Brun's triangles may be consulted to demonstrate the other side of the case: at any rate, the illustrations are extremely interesting, and the bare theory is most amusing; although we should not be inclined to treat our fox-, wolf-, goat-, or other beastly-looking acquaintances as if they were *bonâ fide* dangerous from their cunning, savageness, beads, and et-cetera.

The Death of Robin Hood. By Charles Fielding. Mezzotint. T. Lupton.—Moon, Graves, and Boys.

But give me my bent bow in my hand,
And a broad arrow I'll let flee;
And where the arrow is taken up,
There shall my grave digged be.

UPON this poetical and affecting incident in the old ballad, the artist has composed a melancholy but pleasing picture. The favourite hero of our childhood and youth is extended on an antique chair, and exerting the last of his feeble powers to draw his once unerring bow. The flight of the arrow, about to wing its way on the tragical errand, and mark out a spot for the eternal home of him by whose hand it is sent, is anxiously watched by an attendant; and both figures are gracefully grouped. The effect of the whole is good, and the plate so well executed, that we have no doubt the subject, always popular in other forms, will be equally so in this new shape.

Interior. By Granet. Engraved by Gillie. Moon and Co.

GRANET's Interior, in the British Gallery, has attracted much attention, by its extraordinary display of perspective and of the management of light. The print now before us preserves all the striking effect of the original, and is altogether a very fine performance. But it is rendered still more remarkable, if it be true, as we believe it is, that it has been executed from a drawing done from recollection, by an amateur—a Mr. Fairlie. What is in itself beautiful thus becomes also surprising.

The Passions of the Horse. Plate V. Courage. H. B. Chalon. Lithography, by Engelmann and Co. Dickinson: Ackermann: Colnaghis.

MR. CHALON is completing his illustration of the Passions of the Horse with as much spirit as he commenced the undertaking. This is one of the most vigorous of his compositions, and expresses the subject excellently. We are afraid (where there is so much of superior knowledge and skill) to hint a dislike, however trivial; but it appears to our eye that the near fore-leg of the horse in the centre is rather too stiff.

Rebecca, from Ivanhoe. J. Gouband, del. T. Lupton, sculpt. *Flora Macdonald*, the same. Ackermann.

Two heads of a large size (half life)—the first a good conception of the beauteous creation of the northern magician, the other a luxuriant

idea of the famous heroine of real life. We prefer the character of the former; but there are those we know who esteem the latter most; for we heard a Dusty-Bob-looking fellow, gazing at Ackermann's window, in the Strand, observe, "that though Rebecca was very pretty, the other was really a Floorer." Who shall decide when Doctors disagree?

Cistern, or Wine Cooler.—The magnificent piece of plate, made by Mr. Lewis for his late Royal Highness the Duke of York, and which attracted so much notice in Mr. Christie's Rooms, has been lithographed and published. In this way the composition is seen to great advantage: the design altogether, as well as its details, is fine, bold, and classical; and we consider it to be very creditable to modern art, in a line far less cultivated in our time than of old.

Portrait of Mr. Canning. Sams.

SOME alterations have been made in this engraving from Stewardson's portrait, and we think the likeness considerably improved by them. The popularity of the shadow is something like the popularity of the original, and the sale of the print very extensive.

SALE OF LORD DE TABLEY'S PICTURES.

THIS sale, which cannot be contemplated without feelings of pain and sorrow, takes place to-day in Hill Street. For the sake of the artists whose works are thus to be appreciated by the caprice of an auction, and for the memory of the late patriotic, munificent, and enlightened collector of these specimens, our regrets are equally excited; and we lament exceedingly that, either by a public subscription or an act of the legislature, this gallery was not preserved entire as a national property. It contains what may fairly be deemed *chef-d'œuvres* of England's greatest masters; and if we add to this consideration, the noble and splendid conduct by which they were produced, it must be acknowledged that no collection ever formed, so justly merited being chosen for a national monument.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

CAPSALIS.

[For a very interesting Account of Capsalis, see *Literary Gazette*, No. 531, p. 167.]

VOICES upon the seas,
Of wildness and despair;
One common cry of agony
Fills all the circling air.

Age with snow-honoured head,
Manhood with ardent eye,
Youth with its light of loveliness,—
All seek one hope—to die!

A shout upon the land,
A flash and ring of arms;
A gathering rush of barbarous men
Shakes earth with dread alarms.

Like the avalanche their speed;
Like the tempest in its wrath;
Like the simoon's fatal sweep—
Is their red and deadly path.

The virgin's sacred breast,
Where Love might but preside,
Lies, like a crush'd yet beauteous flower,
Bath'd in its pure life-tide.

The wan and aged head
Sinks there, to rise no more;
The sightless eyes are dull and cold,
The white hairs dash'd with gore.

Seek thousands, as a boon,
Death's sullen sanctuary;
For who, when life is shame, would live?
When death is bliss—not die?

Ye dead, ye noble dead!
From your still, gory sleep,
A voice shall pass to stir men's souls,
Far as the wild waves sleep.

A light as of the morn
Through this dim night shall break;
Valour shall burst the Moslem chain!
And slum'ring Freedom wake!

The soul that would be free
Will drag no fetter'd limb;
Sooner may man the sun's course turn,
Than throw slave-bonds on him.

Call up the splendid past,
From rock, from plain, from sea;
Each hath its tale of stirring deeds,
Of stainless chivalry.

Call up the gallant bands
That died with conquest won;
Proud spirits of Thermopylae,
Brave hearts of Marathon.

Lost hath the warrior's son
The charm that roused his sire?
Is there no bright though failing spark
Of the old patriot-fire?

Yes, Capsalis! in thee
That pure flame is not dead,
Which lit the shrine of Liberty,
For which thy fathers bled!

Thou speak'st—and at thy voice
The eye regains its glow;
The heart, as at some gladd'ning sound,
Shakes off its weight of woe.

A multitude to thee,
In their last hope, press now;
Thou lead'st them on,—is it to Death?
With that calm glorious brow!

Is it to Death? The heavy gates
Close on the martyr-train;
Gaze they their last upon that earth
They ne'er may see again.

They breathe beneath the walls
Of the war-stored magazine;
The flaming torch is in the grasp—
Yet no dismay is seen.

Fiercely the din of arms
Is heard the walls without;
Two thousand of the Turkish horse
Send up their hellish shout.

They scale the gloomy roof,
The pillar'd sides entwine;
Now, now, heroic Capsalis,
Revenge, revenge, is thine!

Jen! what sounds arose,
What horrid cries sprung there,
As twice three thousand souls thus died,
Dash'd through the bleeding air!

The dark alarmed sea
Wildly its bed forsook,
And fearful chasms yawned around;—
Earth to her centre shook!

O many a heart shall mourn
The evil of that day;
And eyes shall weep those bitter tears
No hand may wipe away!

But thus it is with Life,—
Its morning dies in gloom;
And feelings Love hath sanctified
Are first to find a tomb!

C. S. M.

SUMMER EVE.

— And vesper's lamp begins to glow
Along the western blue. *Croly.*

How tranquil, how lovely, this valley of rest,
Illum'd by the sunbeam that crimson the west;

The world comes not hither to tempt and deceive,

For the world is unheeded this sweet summer eve.

Let the child of misfortune forsake his sad home,

Awile in this landscape of beauty to roam;
Here long might he wander, forgetting to grieve,

While soothed by thy calmness, O sweet summer eve!

Let the soldier, regardless of war and its pride,
Now sheathe the bright weapon that gleams at his side,

And around his dark forehead the myrtle branch weave,

Instead of the laurel, this sweet summer eve.

Let the king quit his palace, its grandeur, and glare,

And the statesman the senate, its toil, and its care;

Though beaming with splendour the halls that they leave,

Yet could they regret them this sweet summer eve?

Let the monk and the hermit quit cloister and cell,

And murmur no longer to bead and to bell;
With a purer devotion their bosoms would heave,

'Neath the blue arch of heaven, O sweet summer eve!

For the Spirit of Nature speaks peace to the soul,

And earth and its passions must own her control;

No holier lesson the heart can receive,
Than that which thou teachest, sweet, sweet summer eve. *ROSA.*

TEARS.

WHEN Sorrow sought my tranquil dwelling,
Unbidden and unwelcome guest,
Her threatening frown, each hope dispelling,
Struck terror to my trembling breast.

Yet though I felt my spirit languish,
In tears I could not find relief,
But nerved my heart to bear its anguish,
And tried to smile amidst my grief.

Joy dawned upon the brightening morrow,
And, as I raised my drooping head,
The tears I would not give to Sorrow
In gushing torrents then were shed!

BIOGRAPHY.

MR. WILLIAM DAVIS, late a bookseller in Southampton-row, Russell-square, and author of an *Olivo of Literary Anecdotes*, and of a *First and Second Journey round the Library of a Bibliomaniac*, died suddenly between twelve and two on Saturday morning, June the 23d. No man could be more respected when alive, or regretted when dead; and as to his literary fame, our impartial and favourable reviews of his works are sufficient vouchers that we esteemed it highly. In Mr. Davis, the world of literature has lost an able and enthusiastic conditor. He was, we understand, far advanced in a very voluminous, and what would doubtless have been a very valuable work, in

conjunction with Mr. D'Israeli. Of those columns which sent forth his praise to the world as a literary man, we, as a just debt, devote a portion to pay this slight tribute to his memory—an honour by him well deserved, and which is only so slight in consequence of our knowing little of him beyond what we have gathered from his correspondence and the perusal of his works. We are, however, well convinced, that it may truly be recorded of him, in the words of a friend who communicated the above intelligence, that "he was a truly good man, and more free from vice of every sort than the generality of mankind: he was most upright in all his dealings—a good father, and an excellent husband. He has left an affectionate wife and three young sons to lament his loss: his age was thirty-six years."

MUSIC.

CONCERT.—Madam Stockhausen's benefit concert took place at the Argyle Rooms on Wednesday morning, and was attended by a brilliant and crowded audience. Nearly the whole of the vocal and instrumental talent of the metropolis was concentrated upon this occasion, and the performances were much and deservedly applauded. Pasta was in fine voice; and Madam Stockhausen enchanted all the lovers of simple melody by some very beautiful Swiss airs. A duet between Caradori and Brambilla was delightful; and the fine execution and correct taste of Mademoiselle De Schaurrotte (whose trio with Messrs. Kiesewetter and Lindley constituted one of the chief attractions of the morning), are entitled to the highest praise. Signor Curioni was prevented from fulfilling his announced part by indisposition, or a rehearsal at the Opera House. The over-employment of talent in particular cases is to be regretted, when we must be aware that so much, of the best class too, remains unemployed.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Voice of Spring; a Cavatina. By Charles T. Martyn. The Words by Mrs. Hemans.

Of the lighter and less pretending musical productions of the season, we are inclined to pronounce this one of the most pleasing. The composer seems to have been excited, by the tasteful elegance of his fair authoress, to the manifestation of something very like a kindred feeling. This is, we think, principally apparent in the first phrase of the music, and in the whole of the *minor* modulation introduced. We cannot but commend, in such instances as the present, the selection of language really poetical, in preference to the provoking inanities adopted by far too many of the composers of songs, who may be said to marry their music to "*dying numbers*," much rather than to "*immortal verse*."

DRAMA.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

ON Monday the English Opera House opened, agreeably to announcement, with Dryden's opera of *Arthur and Emmeline*, and a new melo-drama called *The Cornish Miners*. This theatre has advanced itself so high for the musical taste, judgment, and spirit, with which it is conducted, that we were not unprepared for a finished treat in the revival of Dryden's poetry and Purcell's music. Nor have we been disappointed, though perhaps what we have enjoyed so much, may be, to a certain degree, caviare to the million. When Garrick revived this piece, Dr. Arne interpolated the

Score with many of his own compositions: all these Mr. Arnold has expunged, and with infinite skill supplied the deficiency thus occasioned, by selections from other works by Purcell himself. The whole is thus in fine keeping; congenial and consistent. The general character is that of sweetness;—a flowing river, beautiful, picturesque, pure, and softly romantic, might be compared to it in effect upon the mind. There are no extravagances, no clap-traps;—the *ensemble* is most grateful, and the details are delicious. Of the performances, we need only say that Miss Kelly in the heroine is the soul of the opera, and that Miss Goward, Pearman, Phillips, and Thorne, executed all they had to do in an excellent style. The piece has been acted every night since.

The Cornish Miners is a pleasant enough melo-drama, in which Bartley, Wrench, and Keely, keep the audience in constant good humour.

MADemoiselle GEORGES, who, by the by, is a pretty old mademoiselle now, has been performing French tragedy at the King's Theatre; and repeats the dose on Monday. She is very powerful, but very coarse.

VARIETIES.

French Canal.—The project for constructing a canal which shall render Paris a sea-port, and open a communication between Havre and Strasbourg, is still undergoing considerable discussion in France. M. Dupin lately read to the Académie des Sciences a paper in which he endeavoured to prove that the execution of this gigantic scheme is not beyond the power of modern inventions and resources.

Original Anecdote of Dr. Baillie.—This celebrated physician, (not more famed for his medical skill, than for his strong, common-sense mode of displaying it,) being called in to attend Frederick Reynolds during a nervous complaint,—the dramatist (anxious to ascertain the cause of his disease) said, "Pray, doctor, do you not think I write too much for my constitution?" "No," replied Baillie; "but you do for your reputation." Sheridan, on being told of this blunt opinion, remarked, "For this wholesome advice, both towards patient and public, he hoped Reynolds offered a double fee." We wonder the dramatist omitted this new, but true, anecdote in his entertaining *Life and Times*.

Antiquities: Pompeii.—The Neapolitan journals contain particulars of some important excavations recently made before the king and his court among the ruins of Pompeii. The spot selected was a mansion where a beautiful mosaic fountain had previously been discovered, with bronze figures, masks, and other remains of ancient art. On the present occasion, golden bracelets, vases, paintings, a candelabrum, statues, a gold coin, caryatides, &c. were found. These have been properly arranged, and another interesting feature added to the antiquarian attractions of this remarkable place.

Northern Expedition.—The Detroit American paper states that Capt. Franklin and his party were all well, at Fort Franklin, in October, and were expected to reach Sault de St. Marie in the present month, July. They had coasted from the Coppermine to the Mackenzie river, and pushed from the mouth of the latter as far as 149° 38' west long., when they were obliged, by the density of the fogs which prevailed, to abandon the design of proceeding to the Pacific Ocean by Jay Cape. We regret this disappointment. Botanical and other sci-

entific researches had been pursued in the country of the Taskatochawin.

Etruscan Vases.—A beautiful collection of Etruscan vases, consisting of a hundred and fifty pieces, of various sizes and shapes, is at present exhibiting at Paris for sale.

Animal Life.—At Oran in France, a toad and two muscels have lately been taken out of the bottom of a deep well sunk in the rock, and re-opened, after having been filled up for a hundred and fifty years. One of the muscels and the toad are still preserved alive in some of the water in which they were found.

The Military Art.—For the last two years a monthly publication has appeared in Paris, under the name of the *Journal des Sciences Militaires*, which contains a great deal of curious and valuable information on the subject of the art of war; and to which a number of the most distinguished military men of France are contributors.

Volta.—The principal discoveries and inventions of this celebrated natural philosopher were as follows:—1. *The perpetual electrophorus*; a description of which he wrote in June 1775. It is important to remark this date; as the honour of the invention has sometimes been given to Wilche, of whose experiments Volta was entirely ignorant.—2. *The inflammability of the air escaping from marshes*. In 1776 and 1777 Volta published some remarkable letters on this subject.—3. *The Voltaic pistol and lamp*. These instruments were invented in 1777.—4. *The eudiometer*. This instrument, which was invented by Volta in the same year, 1777, serves to determine, with a precision until that time unknown, the proportion of the two gases, oxygen and azote, composing the atmospheric air.—5. *The condenser*. This instrument, which renders sensible the smallest portions of the electric fluid, was invented by Volta in 1782.—6. *The Voltaic pile*, of which it may truly be said, that it has been as productive of discoveries in natural philosophy and chemistry, as the telescope has been in astronomy, or the microscope in natural history. This astonishing invention, and the simple apparatus of which it is composed, were described by Volta in a letter written by him to Sir Joseph Banks.

Botany.—Some curious observations have recently been made by two of the members of the Philomathetic Society of Paris, on the manner in which circulation takes place in a certain plant (*charagne*). This plant, viewed with the assistance of a microscope which magnifies fifteen hundred times, presents the phenomenon, hitherto unique, of the motion of two liquid currents, the one ascending, the other descending, circulating in the same tube, without being separated by the slightest partition. The reality of this phenomenon is placed out of doubt by the evident passage of certain molecules in one of the currents, which, attracted by the current that runs the other way, are, from time to time, carried away by it. The tube in which this double circulation occurs is of a very sensible diameter.

The Yellow Fever.—Towards the end of last year a French physician of the name of Chervin, returning to Europe after very extensive travels, and convinced that the yellow fever was not contagious, addressed a petition to the Chamber of Deputies, praying the postponement of the formation of several sanitary establishments at that time in contemplation. The Chamber referred Dr. Chervin's petition to the Minister of the Interior, who again referred it to the Académie de Médecine. A committee was appointed to investigate the

subject. By the report which that committee has recently made, it appears, that Dr. Chervin had visited all those parts of America in which the yellow fever exercised its ravages; and had carefully interrogated the practitioners of medicine with respect to the mode in which the malady was transmissible. Six hundred and eleven documents, having every possible character of authenticity, were furnished him by five hundred and thirty-one medical men; of whom four hundred and eighty-three do not believe that the yellow fever is contagious, and only forty-eight maintain the opposite opinion. Dr. Chervin also collected other documents in the various parts of Spain which were the theatre of the memorable epidemic of 1821. They are not less favourable to the party of the non-contagionists. The report concludes by declaring that Dr. Chervin's documents are entitled to the most serious attention of government.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Mr. Arrowsmith announces a Map illustrating the Travels of the Apostle Paul as recorded in the New Testament, and adapted to the theories of the most eminent critics; wherein will be likewise seen, at one view, the journeys during which the Apostle wrote his Epistles, together with their dates, and the places whence they were sent.

A new edition of Mr. Gent's Poems, with many additions, is announced.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Rose's Orlando Furioso, Vol. V. post 8vo. 9s. 6d. bds.—Sacred and Miscellaneous Poems, 18mo. 2s. hf.-bd.—Ackland's Return of the Vaudois, 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 10s. bds.—Garbett's Nullity of the Roman Faith, 8vo. 9s. 6d. bds.—Roscoe's Law of Evidence, 8vo. 15s. bds.—Jenkin's and Hosking's Architectural Ornaments, folio, Part I. 6s.; India, 10s. 6d.—Le Brun's Lithographic Drawings, imp. folio, 5l. 5s. bds.—Lawrence on the Nobility of the British Gentry, 12mo. 4s. 6d. bds.—Robinson's Lex Parochialis, 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 1s. bds.—Bridges on the 119th Psalm, 12mo. 6s. bds.—Richmond's Relics of Mrs. Terry, 18mo. 2s. bds.—Foy's War in the Peninsula, Vol. I. 8vo. 14s. bds.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1827.

| June. | Thermometer. | Barometer. |
|--|-----------------|-------------------|
| Thursday .. 28 | From 54. to 61. | 29.60 Stat. |
| Friday .. 29 | — 45. — 69. | 29.56 to 29.62 |
| Saturday .. 30 | — 52. — 70. | 29.66 — 29.80 |
| July. | | |
| Sunday .. 1 | — 58. — 70. | 29.70 — 29.66 |
| Monday .. 2 | — 54. — 69. | 29.82 — 29.70 |
| Tuesday .. 3 | — 52. — 71. | 29.78 — 29.90 |
| Wednesday 4 | — 48. — 71. | 30.05 — 30.06 |
| Prevailing wind S.W. | | |
| Except the 3d of July, generally cloudy and raining. | | |
| Rain fallen 1.0025 inches. | | |
| Edmonton. | | |
| Latitude .. 51° 37' 39" N. | | CHARLES H. ADAMS. |
| Longitude .. 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich. | | |

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Not to satiate the reader with too much of even a good thing, we this week pause upon the Life of Napoleon, and give only an original article touching his literary character.

We this week partially redeem our pledge to our advertising friends: and as our rule is to insert their notices in the order in which they are received (without preference), it is recommended to those who have been complaining of our arrears in this respect, to place their favours upon our file as early as they possibly can. They may depend on having their fair turn; and we trust our extra allowance of other matter last week will excuse us to our readers for encroaching a little on our usual bounds, so that we may get through our difficulties of this kind.

We can have nothing to do with the lines about Water Turnbill.

Plantagenet's contribution must be declined; ditto to Enigma.

C. T. is mistaken in his belief, from the Prussian account of the Battle of Waterloo, that Wellington and Bucher met at La Belle Alliance. They did not meet there; and the statement in our last week's *Literary Gazette* to this effect was founded on the Duke of Wellington's own declaration in a letter communicated to us.

We thank Mr. Bensley of Andover for his very beautiful specimens of typography and book embellishments. They do great credit to his skill.

By an error in figures, 100,000 alpenstocks were valued at double their amount in our last week's notice of the extortions at Vauxhall.

We must throw ourselves on the mercy of many unwearied correspondents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

DELICIE SYLVARUM.—MR. STRUTT
begs leave to inform his Friends and the Public, that he is preparing for publication a Work entitled *DELICIE SYLVARUM*; or, Select Views of Romantic Forest Scenery, drawn from Nature and etched by Himself.
The work will be printed in imperial folio, uniformly with the "Sylvia Britannica"; or, Portraits of Forest Trees, which is now completed in Twelve Parts, and may be had at Mr. Strutt's, 12, Sloane Street, where the Names of Subscribers for the "Delicie Sylvarum" will also be received.

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

For July, contains, among other original Papers—Letters to the Students of Glasgow, by T. Campbell, No. 1; View of the Chief Epochs of Literature—Lord Guilford and the University of Cork—The Dominican, a Story of the Plague of Naples—Drafts on La Fite, No. 2; Sheridan, Tom Sheridan, General Fitzpatrick, Major Maitland, Skerfington, Coleridge, Marie Antoinette, &c.—Tales of Indian Life; the Natchez and the Prairie—Letters from the Levant, No. 1; the Cycloides—Kitt-cat Sketches, No. 7; Daughters to introduce—Highways and Byways, 2d Series—Records of Woman, No. 9, and the Grave of a Poetess, by Mrs. Hemans—Velasquez in the Life of an Actor, written by himself, No. 2—Recollections of Turkey, No. 4—The Legend of the Old Cliff—Recollections of Young Fencible—The Italian Opera; Maria Stuart—The Drama—Reviews of New Publications—and the usual Varieties in Art, Science, Biography, Politics, &c. &c.
Printed for Henry Colburn, 8, New Burlington Street.

THE FIRST No. of a New Volume of

THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE will be published July 3, price Half-a-Crown, containing Public Charges; Monmouth, Banbury, and Newport Frauds; Newland Almshouses, Hamond's Charities, Benefactions, Lectureships, &c. &c.—Lines from the French—On Dosing—The Embarrassments of a Shepherdess—"The Fined," a Tale of the Nineteenth Century—On Reading New Books—The Mammalogical—The Carlton House Pictures—Full Lengths, No. V. No. 7—The Poils of a Philologist—Village Sketches, No. 7—Whitman Eve—Notes on the Month; Miss Turner's Devorce Bill, Flying Artillery, Mr. Brougham's Friendship for the late Lord Chancellor, Sale of Commissions in the Navy, Contracts for Necessaries, the Examiner, and the London Post Law in Scotland, Thames Tunnel, Negro Newspaper at New York, Books for the Month, Manner in every Thing, Notice to Noddies, Waterloo for the Watercress, Battle of Waterloo, Miscellaneous Men and the Schools of Anatomy, &c. &c.—Review of Miss Roberts's Memoirs of the Houses of York and Lancaster, &c. &c.—Proceedings of Learned Societies—Scientific and Literary Varieties—and expired Patents—Projected and Published Works—Obituary of Eminent Persons, Reports, &c. &c. &c.
Published by G. B. Whittaker, London.

By whom is also published, embellished with a Portrait of the Right Hon. Maria Francis Charteris, Countess of Roden,

La Belle Assemblée for July, containing the 31st of a Series of Portraits of the Female Nobility, and Ladies of Distinction, and four Female Figures of the most Fashionable Continental Parisian Costumes, appropriately coloured and described, with 48 pages of royal 8vo. Letter-press, price 1s. 6d. Proof Impressions of the Portraits are published by M. Coinaghi, 23, Cockspur Street.

New Publication.

THE SPHINX. On Sunday, 8th July, will be published, the First Number of a New Weekly Paper, uniting the Advantages of an Independent Political Journal, an impartial Literary Review, and a faithful Chronicle of General Intelligence on all subjects of public interest.

The paper will be printed on a double royal sheet, of the finest texture and quality, and in a new and clear type, selected expressly for the purpose. It will be published in a quarto form, between the size of the "Atlas" and the "Literary Gazette," the leading features of each of which it will unite and improve, without exceeding either of these in price, being, with the stamp necessary to ensure free circulation by post, 1s. per number, of forty-eight closely printed columns.

The Proprietors of this paper are unconnected with any political party, and have no private interests, whether of publishers or others, to serve, beyond a desire to ensure success to a more varied, comprehensive, and intellectual Weekly Journal than any with which they are acquainted, in which greater space than is usual will be afforded for the admission of Original Articles on the leading subjects of Political, Commercial, and Literary Interest, by the exclusion of all the unnecessary repetition, as well as of the temporary, frivolous, and offensive details which are at present so profusely introduced on the public attention.

The Editorship and management of the Sphinx will be confided to Mr. Buckingham, the author of "Travels in Palestine, Syria, and Mesopotamia," whose experience, reputation, and success as a Public Writer in India and in England, may be regarded as some security for impartiality and integrity in the conduct of the paper committed to his care. A powerful combination of Literary and Political talent has also been secured from other pens, and great confidence is felt in the issue of their exertions to deserve extensive support.

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Prospectuses, containing more detailed particulars as to the plan, classification, principles, materials, and resources of this Paper, will be sent inserted among the Advertisements in the last Number of the Quarterly Review, just published, and may be had at the Office of Publication, No. 147, Strand, (between Waterloo Bridge and Somerset House), and of all Booksellers and News-Agents in Town and Country.

While the columns of the Sphinx will be principally devoted to the Politics and Literature of Europe, the Oriental Herald, which will be published at the same office, and under the same direction, will include, as heretofore, the fullest and latest Intelligence on all subjects connected with India and the Eastern World. Of this work, the public opinion has been sufficiently marked during a period of nearly four years since its commencement, in the course of which Thirteen Volumes have been completed, and each received with increased approbation.

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